

# Sports Illustrated

NOVEMBER 21, 1977 ONE DOLLAR

## AFC vs. NFC: The Rivalry Has Become a Rout



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## CONTENTS

NOVEMBER 21, 1977 Volume 47 No. 21

Cover Illustration by Sandy McEwen

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Special Correspondents: [illegible]

Time Life News Service: [illegible]

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Enterprises: [illegible]

Time Life News Service: [illegible]

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Advertising Sales Director: [illegible]

Business Manager: [illegible]

Circulation Director: [illegible]

Promotion Director: [illegible]

Special Events Director: [illegible]

Enterprises: [illegible]

## Storms over the Atlantic 16

Winds of discontent raked the easternmost NBA division, leaving Philly with a new coach and Boston all shook up by **Curry Kirkpatrick**

## No Bombs in the Rockets' Red Glare 20

Bingham Young's explosive aerial attack fizzled as fireworks heralded an Arizona State victory in their WAC showdown by **Walter Bingham**

## What the Doctor Ordered 22

Slumping when they came to New York, Montreal got healthy with a victory, and Philadelphia's condition improved with a tie by **Peter Gammons**

## Vince, You Wouldn't Believe It 24

Five straight Super Bowls and this season's 11-3 interconference lead mean the AFC now owns Lombardi's old NFL by **Joe Marshall**

## A Pentchant for the Pentathlon 32

Jane Frederick is the No. 1 pentathlete in the U.S. but her goal is to be first in the world and the first to score 5,000 points by **Joe Marshall**

## In the End, Defeat and Pain 38

Losses and injuries dampen Vicksburg High School's football hopes as the seniors come to the sad, sweet end of their last season by **Bill Gilbert**

## A Little Night Music 82

It isn't a Broadway lullaby when Marly Reisman hustles all corners to the plockety-plock-pick of Ping Pong balls by **Ray Kennedy**

## The Departments

Scorecard	10	Boating	66	For the Record	101
TV/Radio	55	Skateboards	68	19th Hole	102
College Football	56	Hunting	74	Cartilage	10*

## Next Week

**ALL EYES ARE ON THE HOOP** as the 1977-78 college basketball issue opens with an analysis by Kent Hannon of today's scoring shooters and their high-percentage jumpers. Ben Rose's photo essay on the hottest shots includes a superb player who is the game's best-kept secret! A conversation with controversial Al McGuire and Scouting Reports on the Top 20: the best of the best, small colleges and women's teams complete the coverage. Plus the usual array of news and feature stories.

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## LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER



KENNEDY AND REISMAN BOTH DO THE HUSTLE

It can perhaps be said that Senior Writer Ray Kennedy is *SI's* resident bon vivant, raconteur, boulevardier and a whole lot of other French words. He spends as much time as he can in Mallorca and is the kind of guy who should probably wear a beret and smoke Upmann cigars a lot. Last week, in a Manhattan saloon, Kennedy was holding forth on such varied matters as life in the Orient—where he once lived and taught Japanese airline stewardesses to speak English—literature in the '70s, truth in advertising and table tennis in Marty Reisman's basement. Kennedy was especially loquacious on the subject of Reisman, one of Ping-Pong's enduring stars, and this week he gives the rest of us a look into Reisman's remarkable life in *A Little Night Music* (page 82).

Kennedy has himself been an avid player since 1970, when he was a writer for *TIME*. One of the memorable moments of his table tennis career came after a business lunch when, to settle a bet over who was the best player, Kennedy and several of his colleagues descended upon a department store and bought a Ping-Pong table. They proceeded to carry the thing through busy streets back to the Time & Life Building, where the bet was settled on the spot. Kennedy's passion for the game has not abated. "I began playing two or three hours a night," he recalls. "It was a great release from writing all day and, if you wanted to, you could always envision the ball as your least favorite editor's head."

After a year of homing their games during lulls in the Middle East crisis and respites from domestic turmoil, Kennedy and five other *TIME* Inc. staff-

ers hit what is loosely called "the circuit." "We played in bank vaults, Lithuanian church basements, lofts in New Jersey, wherever the game was," says Kennedy. "We even wore those linen shirts with our names embroidered on them. Ping-Pong is a whole subculture that normal people don't know about. Entering that world is like opening a grate in the sidewalk and having bats fly out. At one time or another I played transvestites, junkies and a guy with only one leg. It was the most fascinating collection of people I've ever met."

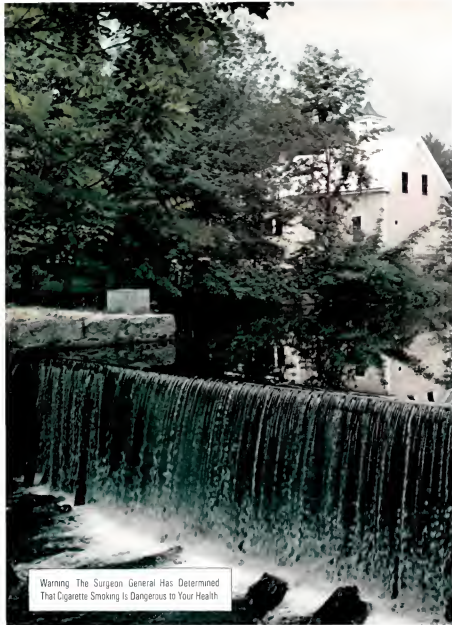
Kennedy had heard of the legendary Reisman for years, but it wasn't until he became hooked on the game that they met. "If you're into table tennis, Reisman's is where you eventually end up," Kennedy says. "Over the years it became a kind of way station; there are always friends there if you walk in at four in the morning."

Kennedy and his doubles partner, *TIME's* Stefan Kanfer, took a page from Reisman's book and became small-time hustlers. Says Kennedy, "Big strong kids from Brooklyn, kids who could really hit the ball, would take on these two old guys with their guts hanging over their belts, and through total psych jobs we would reduce them to screaming manics. We beat one kid who was really good, got him so upset he broke his racket in half and said he'd never play again. Some of the things we did were absolutely scandalous. We broke every canon of ethics and sportsmanship. It was wonderful."


Last week Kennedy finally got his chance to play Reisman. Kennedy, who started the game with an 18-point handicap, was heard muttering vile oaths and he sweated a lot. Reisman maintained his ineffable cool. Kennedy chopped and spun his way to a 21-13 victory, then won the rematch 21-16.

"He set me up so I'll want to come back and play for higher stakes," panted Kennedy. "And you better believe I will."

*Sack Meyer*



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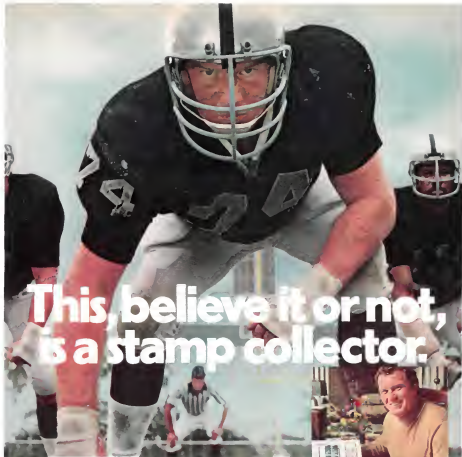


**"If I speak in the tongues  
of men and of angels but have  
not love, I am a noisy gong  
or a clanging cymbal."** 1. Corinthians 13:1

He loves. She loves. They love.  
Everybody loves. Or, they say they do.  
But, they also say that marriage  
is in trouble. The family is in  
trouble. The cities are in trouble.  
We're polluting our lands, raping  
our landscape, abusing our  
resources. Where will it all end?  
Right where it began. With love.  
It isn't hard to find if you know just  
where to look.

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37th National Bible Week, November 20-27, 1977. A. J. Macintosh, ed.



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## Shopwalk

by JANE GILCHRIST

### THE NEW YEAR'S SPORTING CALENDARS RUN THE GAMUT FROM ARTFUL TO ZANY

Now is the time, between the World Series and the bowl games, to scout next year's crop of sporting calendars, and 1978 looks like a winner. Four to 10 dollars will get you a laugh a day, a lesson a month or a year's supply of memorable moments.

According to its creator, Milford Poltroon, the world's first Wretched Mess Calendar for Carnies is also for people, or maybe for people who are treated like dogs, but mainly

for dogs who think they are people. Almost every illustrated day has its dog, and every dog its day—Spot Day is in December, Weimaraner is in January, followed, of course, by February. There is 12 sign of the "zodiac" and all this doggerel will obviously make dog lovers want to start taking fire hydrants apart or at least voice the opinion that dogs are lucky they can't read Barf, says Sandy.

Pumping from the book on body building, sold some 200,000 copies. The movie was also a hit, and there's even a dance called Pumping from. Now you can hang it all up with Simon & Schuster's *The Pumping Iron Calendar* 1978. It weighs in at six ounces, so you won't pump any muscles picking one up, but when you do you'll see a photographic collection of colossal pumping theists. Headed, of course, by the incomparable Arnold Schwarzenegger. Portraits are annotated with boasts to build bodies by—"You see your deltoids and you've got things in there, and you could stick your knee in there and it would get lost," says bulging Mike Katz, a former Mr. America.

The hardest perennial in calendardom is probably Britain's *The Badminton Sporting Diary*. It is not distributed in the U.S., but the publisher, Frank Smythson Ltd. (54 New Bond St., London W1Y 0DE), accepts checks in American dollars. The sporting diary was founded in 1894 by Major Fitzalan G. Manners for the "genrmy's use" and named after the country seat of the Dukes of Beaufort which was also the site of England's first badminton game. It is a pocket-sized compendium of sports, from Ascot Gold Cup winners to the walking champions of the British Isles, but there is a lot more—a wine guide, breeders' table, several pages for noting wagers on horses, and trivia such as the longest tug-of-war contest (2 hours, 41 minutes), and an account of a griffin who played the Weston-super-Mare links on Aug. 25, 1912, decapitating with his ball a "skylark in flight." Prices vary according to whether the diary is bound

in imitation leather, sheepskin or pigskin.

For entry wall bubs, Al contributing photographer Eric Schweikardt offers *Sailing '78* which features color photos of racing boats ranging from California's *High Roller* to Russia's 378-foot four-masted *Kruzenshtern* towering over a tiny *Snuffin* at the Bermuda start of the fall ship race. Long Island Sound's *Love Machine*, plus the start of the Miami-Nassau race. A variety of photographers contribute to *World Racing '78*, which zooms in on the Grand Prix—the cars, the drivers, the famous circuits—while *Universe Skiing Calendar* 1978 depicts downhill, cross-country, water/ski/ski and a few hot-dog daredevils. The striking Sierra Club Trail Calendar is essentially a guide to wilderness areas suitable for climbing, camping, skiing, wading, kayaking and, as Colin Fletcher's introductory essay says, "growing."

Instructional calendars and diaries abound. While keeping tabs on golf, tennis, fishing and sandlot baseball schedules, you can get tips from the pros in a series of calendars published by Gibson Greeting Cards, Inc. Jack Nicklaus reviews the fundamentals of a good swing in 12 illustrated lessons, Billie Jean King concentrates on the major stroke-making requirements in doubles, Arthur Ashe focuses on strokes and tactical situations most common in singles play, Johnny Bench teaches the basics of catching, throwing and hitting. Curt Gowdy brings you

a little closer to your next meeting with one of nature's greatest athletes—the game fish. Duffers have their days too, thanks to cartoonist Gary Patterson, who captures the agonies and ecstasies of skiing, tennis and golf in wall calendars put out by the American Publishing Corp. *Despair* is dropping a pole from the left, teamwork is a serve to the back of your doubles partner's head, frustration is landing a ball in the crook of a tree. Mild but pleasant stuff to get you through the year.

Chase's *Calendar of Annual Events* expands a 365-day year into more than 2,300 occasions for merrymaking. It is a fascinating record of what man, the only animal shot at, celebrates, chooses to commemorate. The 1977 edition (the new one was still on press as this was written) featured 31 listings for Jan. 1 alone, including the bowl games, a polar bear swim meet, a camping exhibition and an international chess congress. Chase gets many of its entries from promoters of special events such as Boris Karloff Day (Halloween, naturally) and I Gave Day (April 15). There is no charge for listings and no guarantee that your entry will be accepted. Take heart—National Ding A-Ling Day made it. **END**

# SCORECARD

Edited by ROBERT H. BOYLE

## SAY IT AIN'T SO, JOE

The word from Joe Frazier's lawyer that the ex-heavyweight champion is coming out of retirement to fight Earnie Shavers, most likely in Madison Square Garden, wasn't the happiest news of the week. Frazier wisely retired a year and a half ago after George Foreman, who has also since retired, knocked him out for the second time. It was obvious then that 11 years of boxing had left Smokin' Joe a burnt-out case.

If the New York boxing commission had a capable chairman he would bar Frazier from fighting in the state. But it doesn't even have a chairman, the post having been vacant since James A. Farley Jr. resigned following the scandalous Don King U.S. Boxing Championships hustle on ABC. No one knows when Governor Hugh Carey will appoint a chairman, although the governor, stung by a labor official's criticism that he has been spending too much time in a Third Avenue bar, acknowledged last week he had "work to do." We trust this includes the appointment of a vigorous, effective chairman, not some political hack.

## GOING, GOING, GONE!

A stuffed owl has disappeared from an exhibition in Nottingham, England devoted to Britain's vanishing wildlife.

## HOLDS NOT BARRED

For months Obituists had fiercely argued about the pros and cons of a proposed amendment to the state constitution that would bar leg-hold traps as cruel to animals (SI, Nov. 7). Last week the voters rejected the amendment by a two-to-one majority.

## SIGN HERE

What's in a name? It all depends on whose, says Charles Hamilton of New York, a leading autograph dealer. If it's Bill Tilden, Bobby Jones or Joe Louis, it's not worth much because, Hamilton says, "they haven't captured the imagination of serious collectors." By con-

trast, letters from James J. Corbett and John L. Sullivan are in demand. Corbett's bring from \$35 to \$150 each, depending on content, while Sullivan's go for \$150 to \$250.

"Corbett wrote a beautiful script," says Hamilton. "He had been a bank teller in San Francisco, Sullivan, whose handwriting was usually sloppy, heard about this, and he started writing a beautifully florid 'John L. Sullivan' that would extend across a page."

Zane Grey's letters on fishing—"real turkeys for a while," says Hamilton—have come back strong, and a particularly informative one on big game fishing is worth \$40 to \$50. Ernest Hemingway wrote the most valuable fishing letters of all; they command \$750 to \$1,000 each. "Hemingway's fishing letters are worth more than his others, although he never wrote dull ones," says Hamilton. "His fishing letters are usually to very close friends, and he peppered them with four-letter words."

Hamilton recently sold a handwritten Knute Rockne letter on a football game for \$55, and he appraised a letter from Jim Thorpe to Irving Wallace, the au-

thor, as being worth \$300 to \$400. "Wallace is keeping it," Hamilton says. "Although Thorpe lived a long time, he wrote few letters. He did have a beautiful hand. They really taught penmanship at Carlisle."

Babe Ruth letters command the highest prices of any athlete's. "Ruth is it!" exclaims Hamilton. A handwritten Ruth letter goes for \$500; a signed typewritten letter, \$200; a signed baseball, \$150; and a signature, \$50. But Hamilton warns collectors to be careful. "Ruth was a very nice guy," he says, "and at the end of every game he'd linger on the field signing autographs. But his wife also signed autographs for him, so have an expert judge."

## SEMPER ANGLIA

Spider Martin, Dartmouth '19, tells the following story in his class newsletter:

A dignified English solicitor-widower with a considerable income had long dreamed of playing Sandringham, one of Great Britain's most exclusive golf courses, and one day he made up his mind to chance it when he was traveling in the area.

Entering the clubhouse, he asked at the desk if he might play the course. The club secretary inquired, "Member?" "No, sir." "Guest of a member?" "No, sir." "Sorry."

As he turned to leave, the lawyer spotted a slightly familiar figure seated in the lounge, reading the *London Times*. It was Lord Parmham. He approached and, bowing low, said, "I beg your pardon, your Lordship, but my name is Higginbotham of the London solicitors Higginbotham, Wittingby and Barclay. I should like to crave your Lordship's indulgence. Might I play this beautiful course as your guest?"

His Lordship gave Higginbotham a long look, put down his paper and asked, "Church?" "Church of England, sir, as was my late wife." "Education?" "Eton, sir, and Oxford." "Sport?" "Rugby, sir, a spot of tennis and No. 4 on the crew that beat Cambridge." "Service?" "Brigadier, sir, Coldstream Guards, Victoria Cross and Knight of the Garter." "Campaigns?" "Dunkirk, El Alamein and Normandy, sir." "Languages?" "Private tutor in French, fluent German and a bit of Greek."

His Lordship considered briefly, then nodded to the club secretary and said, "Nine holes."





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**PAWN**

Bobby Fischer, who joined the Worldwide Church of God and disappeared from public view after winning the World Chess Championship from Boris Spassky in 1972, is being sought by police in South Pasadena, Calif., on a warrant charging him with battery, trespassing and disturbing the peace. The charges were brought by Mrs. Holly Ruiz, a former church member, who complained that Fischer struck her after she refused to sign a statement saying she had recorded his remarks about the church without his permission.

In a rare interview in a magazine published by church dissidents, Fischer is quoted as calling Herbert Armstrong, the church president, "an egomaniac," and his son, Garner Ted Armstrong "obnoxious." In the interview Fischer says, "I have to discuss some of the things Herbert has done to me—how he screwed up my mind—just to let people know that this is for real, because if anybody tried to live by the letter of the law, it was me. I truly tried to be obedient. The more I tried, the more crazy I became. The pressure he puts on you! You can't do this, you can't do that, you can't tell your friends this, you can't see unconverted people, you can't eat this, you can't eat that, on the Sabbath you have to rest, you have to listen to the radio program every day, you have to study the correspondence course, and then you're supposed to pray."

"I can remember times coming home from a chess club at four in the morning when I was half asleep and half dead and forcing myself to pray an hour and study an hour. You know, I was half out of my mind—stoned almost."

"And every time you try to think a sane thought you think it's of the devil. They keep pushing that thing. They keep pushing about this tremendous struggle that goes on between God and the devil. And the devil keeps injecting his thoughts into your mind. They really got you coming and going. I don't think they'll ever come up with a better one than this. They'll never come up with a better one than this. They are playing with people's lives like toys."

**STANDARD OF SUCCESS**

For all the *hustle* and purse money of \$200,000, the Washington, D.C. International at Laurel still hasn't made it as a really big race. At least not by the stan-

dards of the security detail. The International attracts only five or 10 pickpockets. A big race, such as the Preakness at Pimlico, lures around 80.

**PROMISES**

Last year Promoter Mike O'Hara dissolved his International Track Association when he was unable to sign any of the top competitors from the Montreal Olympics. It seems that remaining amateur was more profitable than competing for the \$500 first-place money O'Hara offered.

Now a new group is out to put pro track back in business with promises of piles of cash for contestants in the "world's richest track meet" scheduled for next year, site and date not yet determined. Backed mostly by oil money from the United Arab Emirates, the co-promoters—the Dubai Sports Corporation of Dubai and Falconry Sports Enterprises, Inc. of Chicago—have a letter from Barclays Bank International Limited in Dubai certifying that it is holding \$1.6 million in prize money for the meet. The top six finishers in each of the 14 men's and women's events are to get prize money, with \$75,000 going to the winners, while the victor in the "Golden Mile" will take in \$300,000.

Skeptical? Well, W. Leonard Evans, Jr., the chairman of the meet and of Falconry Sports Enterprises, and his PR man, Andrew T. Hatcher, former White House press aide, are traveling through the U.S. drumming up the meet. "We are not attempting to sign amateur athletes," says Hatcher. "We feel that the lure of the money is enough to make the athletes come to us."

For one, John Walker, the world-record holder in the mile and the 1976 Olympic gold medalist in the 1,500, is tempted, although he said this was the first he had heard of it. "If they got a full list of starters, I would have to think very seriously about it," Walker says. "I could retire on \$300,000."

**RIGHTS AND A NEW WRONG**

Sixteen members of the powerful Mission Viejo (Calif.) swim team arrived in the U.S.S.R. last week for 12 days of meets and unique side-by-side training with members of the Soviet national team. The U.S. squad consists of 15 high school students and Stanford coed Valerie Lee. Missing are four collegians

who belong to the club: UCLA's Brian Goodell, double gold-medal winner in the 1976 Olympics, Alabama's Mark Tonelli and Houston's Mike Miles and Simon Gray. They remained at home when the NCAA invoked a rule prohibiting non-collegiate competition during the college season.

Proponents of pending federal legislation that would, among other things, guarantee athletes the right to take part in international competition (SCORECARD, Oct. 31) have seized upon the issue. They say that the four Mission Viejo collegians had permission from their schools to go to the Soviet Union.

NCAA officials admit that although the rule against participating in international competition can be waived for members of a U.S. national team, there is no provision for doing so for a club. Furthermore, the NCAA claims that one reason the colleges involved didn't object to their swimmers going to the U.S.S.R. was that they were reluctant to say no to Mission Viejo Coach Mark Schubert, who churns out swimmers colleges covet, or to the four swimmers, which might endanger future recruiting. "This is the reason the rule was enacted," says William B. Hunt, NCAA assistant executive director. "It's to help schools resist the pressures that can arise."

This is startling. What Hunt is saying is that the colleges were able to hide behind the NCAA instead of dealing with their athletes in forthright fashion. Which is another reason why many people believe athletes need the "bill of rights" now before Congress.

**THEY SAID IT**

● Woody Hayes, Ohio State football coach, on why he does not build up opponents like other coaches: "I'm regarded as somewhat of an authority. If I build up another team, they're liable to believe me."

● Willie McCovey, 39-year-old San Francisco Giant first baseman, after being named National League Comeback Player of the Year: "Naturally, I'm pleased, but I would have preferred not being in the position of being eligible for such an award."

● Mike Mananche, New York restaurateur and incurable golf fan, on his idol, Arnold Palmer: "I hear he's written another instruction book, *How To Make Your Third Putt*."

END

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# STORMS OVER THE



*A Sear idol until a knee injury finished him, Cunningham is now their jump up-and-down leader*



# ATLANTIC

The winds of discontent howled through Boston and Philadelphia, leaving the Sixers a new coach and the Celtics all shook up **by CURRY KIRKPATRICK**

There may be more pleasant things to do than coach the Philadelphia 76ers. A rational man might rather guard the pumps at an all-night gas station. Or scrape the grease vats down at the pizza parlor. Then again, he might choose to be a Boston Celtic in the depths of a losing streak. That's got to be a lot of fun, waiting for Charlie Scott to pass, listening to Sidney Wicks get boned, watching 13 championship banners droop in despair and then drawing straws to see whose turn it is to quit.

Early-season events in the NBA brought these particular occupations into focus when Philadelphia's austere leader, Gene Shue, was fired; the 76ers' beloved former All-Star forward, Billy Cunningham, was hired to replace him; Boston's elegant guard, Jo Jo White, announced that he was walking out on the team only to walk back in; and everybody's favorite legend, John Havlicek, was replaced in the Celtic lineup by a rookie named Cornbread.

The proximate cause of such rampant turmoil in the Atlantic Division seemed to be that both the 76ers and Celtics had stumbled out of the blocks, at one point losing three straight games and five straight, respectively. In a season that had just started and usually does not end until the rivers run dry, this would be just another slump for most teams. But for the Sixers, the dancing, prancing, glamorous Sixers of Dr. J, Big George and Squawkin' Darryl Dawkins, and for the Celtics, proud possessors of all those championships, the losses could not be ignored.

What to do? Simply, the 76ers won. And won again. Four straight, in fact, under the masterful left-handed cheer-leading and free-substitution, happy-guy coaching of Cunningham. Washington knocked them off on Saturday 116-98, but at week's end they were suddenly just half a game behind the division-leading Knicks with a 6-5 record. Meanwhile, continued



As Bryant learns and McGraw observes, Billy C. knows the value of putting an arm around a player

the Celtics beat Buffalo 109-103 on Friday, improving their record to a spine-tingling 2-8, the worst in basketball, unless you are counting Boe's Jets, otherwise known as the Piscataway Pets or, more familiarly, the New Jersey Nets, who were 2-9.

It does not require a CIA investigation to understand why the 76ers and Celtics found themselves in trouble.

Philadelphia's Julius Erving missed all of his team's exhibition games and the opener with a strained knee and, as Doug Collins said, "The spark seemed to go out of us right then. We missed seeing the Doc dunk and explode."

While hardly anybody on the Celtics is young enough to remember how to dunk, Dave Cowens, White and Havlicek should recall how to explode. Only a year and a half before they had won the NBA championship and only six

months ago they had taken the 76ers to a savage seven games in the Eastern semi-final playoffs before surrendering their title.

Still, the Celtics could cop a plea on their horrendous beginnings, what with a nucleus of veterans having appeared in preseason camp woefully out of shape, not to mention Wicks showing up only hours before opening night. Then there were the new players (the antique Dave Bing and rookie Cornbread Maxwell) and the schedule (the first six games away from Boston Garden) and White's painful bone spurs on his heels.

Though nobody except Jimmy the Greek pays attention to pro basketball in November, what all this added up to was that two proud franchises were crumbling before our very eyes while the Atlanta Pennyhawks cruised to the best record in the league.

On Nov. 1 *SIXER* owner Filiz Dixon whispered to a Philadelphia newspaper that he might fire Shue. For all his Main Line Midwestern manner, Dixon is a power wielder who permits no photographers or vendors to work near him at courtside in the Spectrum and orders guards to keep spectators from passing in front of his front-row seat. When two reporters approached him on the night after the big leak, Dixon instructed a member of his personal security force to "boot 'em out." Which they did. Later that evening, after watching the Chicago Bulls beat his dead-in-the-water team, Dixon decided to fire Shue.

In all fairness to the coach—who may have come within a missed George McGinnis jump shot of leading a collection of spoiled, whimpering, ego-pumping financiers to the NBA championship last spring—Shue has a good technical mind for the game. His record at the time of the firing—2-4—was not all that repellent. Also, he was working at softening his arrogance in order to get closer to his players (while paradoxically instituting a mammoth system of fines) just when he was let go.

Apart from lack of communication with the team, Shue's biggest shortcoming was his inability to get along with the owner. After one defeat last year Dixon embarrassed Shue in front of the press by railing at him. "Well, I'm waiting for your excuses," after which Shue referred to Dixon as "that son of a bitch." Neat, huh? Dixon did not like Shue's life-style, his off-court acquaintances and especial-

ly his refusal to kiss Dixon's feet as everybody else in the organization did.

In the 34-year-old Cunningham Dixon got the original Billy C, the Kangaroo Kid. You remember: Prep on the streets of Brooklyn. All-America at North Carolina. All-Pro with the 76ers. Successful businessman—hotels, recreation facilities, a travel agency. Huge home with tennis court in Main Line Gladwyn. Sensational college-sweetheart wife. Two kids. Two cars. Too good to be true. The only thing Cunningham ever failed at was removing the marbles from his mouth when he took to announcing basketball on TV. "This guy is more popular in Philly than soft pretzels," said 76er General Manager Pat Williams.

"We're not out to win," Billy C said at one point after his anointment. "We're out to conquer."

That remark, coming as it did after his team had crushed Denver 132-101 at the expense of his former college teammate, Nugget Coach Larry Brown, is the vow of one tough, mean competitor.

During last spring's playoffs Cunningham privately castigated his former team for "lack of pride" and questioned Shue's style and motivational ability. "Why doesn't he just let them run?" Cunningham wondered then. "Just let them play!"

They are playing now, having experienced something akin to resurrection. Steve Mix, a renowned clubhouse lawyer, said the 76ers' "hidden camaraderie" would come out now. On his own, Mix presented the new coach with a list of team plays accompanied by a commentary on which teammates they work best for. Doug Collins, practically bubbling, said, "When I played with Billy, he screamed at me until I was in tears. Then he put an arm around me. All this team needs is somebody to put an arm around it."

Cunningham spoke with each player individually, calling Lloyd Free by his nickname, "World," when he pulled him aside before the bus ride to Piscataway, N.J. where Cunningham would make his coaching debut against the Nets. Later Cunningham slapped five with World. Nobody could remember Shue using Free's pet name or a palm slap to get through to the moody backcourt man.

After the 76ers came from seven points behind in the final 1:27 to beat the Nets, the 20-year-old bull moose, Dawkins, an-

*Cornbread Maxwell was one upper crust Celtic.*





other sensitive child, announced, "I'd say we gave it the old college try 'cept I didn't go to college." Later, acknowledging his expanded role in the 76er offense as demanded by the coach, he said, "I need my shot like a hog needs slop." In the three games Daddy Dawk played under Cunningham before cutting his hand washing dishes (you should see the dish) he averaged 17 points, compared to less than half that under Shue.

Apart from getting the 76ers running aggressively and employing a gambling, overplaying defense, Cunningham's main goal seems to be to keep everyone happy. The coach pounds backs, slaps rears, tousles heads, jumps up and down and whistles—a shrill, fingers-to-the-teeth job. "Just like home," Sondra Cunningham says. "He calls the dog like that."

The 76ers don't have many dogs, just horses. "The first thing Billy told me was I'll play," says Joe (Jelly Bean) Bryant, who sat on the bench for Shue. "That means so much—knowing, not hoping. He knows what's inside a player. He's more a leader than a coach." Bryant rewarded the leader when he scored 19 points in 13 minutes (11 in the fourth quarter) to lead a comeback 127-111 win over the Knicks.

"I'm already comfortable," Cunningham says. "Maybe I don't feel the pressure because I know that coaching doesn't have to be my life's work. But I also know I can do this job."

The job was just what the Boston Celtics were not doing, especially during a particularly galling 129-114 loss to the San Antonio Spurs after which, to turn a phrase, the cigar hit the fan. It was Red Auerbach's stooge, of course. Immediately following the debacle the Celtic general manager roared into the locker room and did everything but rub ashes into the eyes of his once-imposing champions, who had just lost their third straight at home and been humiliated by the Spurs, who had never beaten the Celtics. That's never, as in lifetime.

Auerbach fumed and spat out words like "ashamed" and "quitters," but the truth is that the Celtics have been subceged by a lack of foresight in the front office; they are victims of a dearth of young blood as well as of spirit. In that room Auerbach did not see Clarence Glover or Steve Downing or Glenn McDonald or Norm Cook, Boston's wonderful first-round draft choices of recent years who may now be selling pencils

for all Auerbach knows. Nor did he see Paul Westphal, whom he traded to Phoenix, where Westphal promptly became All-Univers.

This may come as a shock, but since he drafted Cowens in 1970, Auerbach has received less value from his draft choices than any GM in the NBA. Instead, the Celtics have relied on trades, free agents and fat cats who have grown ancient and listless in a hurry.

Boston scored just nine points in a quarter against Detroit, squandered a 14-point lead against New Jersey and was handed a gift victory by Atlanta. A weak outside-shooting team, the Celtics had no fast break, no offensive rebounding, no effective press, sometimes no defense.

The Boston team's love affair with the masses and media seemed over as well. While the boos cascaded around them at home, the Globe's Bob Ryan, a Celtic observer for years, lashed out at the team. He called Wicks "useless," Cowens "not recognizable on defense" and Havlicek "a mercenary." "The team is boring and lifeless," Ryan wrote. "For over 20 years the Celtics have stood for something. The only thing they stand for now is the anthem."

Responding to Auerbach's locker-room tirade, White, who had taken himself out of the game in disgust with his play, promptly folded up his Savile Row wardrobe, said he was quitting the team and, indeed, skipped practice the next day.

"Every time anything goes wrong, I get the blame," said Jo Jo. "I'm the quarterback of the club, so I get the abuse. I'm tired of being the whipping boy."

Such a gripe is commonplace in Detroit or Chicago or, for that matter, in the zoo called the New York Yankees, and White's outburst would have been a real yawner except that these were the Celtics. Celtic pride, Celtic green and all that. Celtic Schmeltie. "I really haven't seen this 'Celtic spirit' around here," said Bing, the old newcomer.

When Coach Tommy Heinsohn announced that Captain Havlicek would sit down in favor of Maxwell, his move was universally misinterpreted as a "benching." "To be benched is not to play," Havlicek explained. "Tommy just wants to shake things up—unless there's something I don't know."

What he might have guessed was that the Celtics would snap out of it against Buffalo, that Jo Jo would get back to



Auerbach's famous touch has not been left of late

where he once belonged and split 20 baskets with Scott; that Cornbread would become an instant star with three steals and three blocked shots as well as 21 points, nine rebounds and one behind-the-back assist; and that Heinsohn would be moved to say, "I think the melting pot of trouble has melted," and, "I like cornbread. I think I'll buy a loaf."

After the monumental victory, Charlie Scott was asked what was different. "The starting lineup," he snapped. "There ain't no ecstasy. We're still the same old Celtics." Which was, of course, half wrong. Old, yes. But not the same. **END**



Heinsohn suffers, though rarely so composurely

# NARY A BOMB IN THE ROCKETS' RED GLARE

Brigham Young's explosive aerial attack fizzled as fireworks boomed to celebrate every Arizona State score in this WAC showdown by **WALTER BINGHAM**

Playing the Arizona State Sun Devils in Tempe is not an awful lot of fun. For one thing, games are at night, which means opponents must spend a day in the sun by the motel pool or pump quarters into the air-hockey machine in the lobby or watch two other teams go at it on television. By the time they get to Sun Devil Stadium it is nearly dark, but in the glare of the lights there are maybe 58,000 screaming people—and every one is screaming for Arizona State. Finally, if the Sun Devils score, and they do—an average of 35.8 points per home game this season—the scoreboard at one end of the field does an electronic war dance, while at the other end someone from a fireworks company sends a Fourth of July spectral swirling through the black sky.

Into this chaos came Brigham Young last Saturday night, once-beaten, second in the nation in total offense, ranked in the Top 20 and 5-0 in the Western Athletic Conference. Chaos won. Of course, the Sun Devils, also ranked in the Top 20 and also beaten only once, helped, but what really happened is that the Cougars walked onto the field and dissolved.

Arizona State won 24-13, a maddening score, for once the Cougars had presented the Sun Devils with a housewarming gift of 17 early points, the game was never close. The victory makes the Sun Devils odds-on favorites to regain the WAC championship they have held so often in recent years and all but guarantees them a trip across the street to the Fiesta Bowl on Dec. 25. The man with the fireworks can hardly wait.

Going to the Fiesta Bowl is old song-boreo for the Sun Devils. They have been there four times in the last six years, never losing. In 1975 they pulled a major upset when they defeated Nebraska 17-14 to remain unbeaten, a victory that helped them finish the season as the second-ranked team in the country. Ironically, it also led to many of the team's problems last season.

Frank Kush, who has coached the Sun Devils since 1958, takes the blame for

that. He feels that he spent too much of the off-season at banquets and giving clinics. Then he didn't work the team as hard as he usually does in August and when they opened the season at home against UCLA before a national television audience, the Sun Devils paid the price. UCLA won 28-10.

"We tried to regroup and couldn't," Kush says. Suddenly everyone was beating the Sun Devils—California, Wyoming, Cincinnati. Arizona State finished 4-7 and definitely did not go to the Fiesta Bowl.

"Frank was a miserable person last year," says a colleague. "He can't adapt to one loss, let alone seven." This year, preseason practice at Tontoona, Arizona State's mountain retreat 125 miles northeast of the campus, was—er—interesting. Kush worked his squad three times a day for more than a week and when the team came down from the mountains, it had what one staff member calls the Kush look.

Which, with one lapse, it has kept all season. Missouri, winless when it arrived in Tempe, upset State 15-0. The Sun Devils gained nearly 400 yards, but a torrent of fumbles and interceptions helped keep them from scoring. Apart from that, they won most of their games easily, and in the five wins since the Missouri loss, they scored 240 points.

The trouble was that on Saturday night Arizona State was playing a team that could score every bit as much. BYU began the season with every reason to be optimistic. There was Gifford Nielsen at quarterback, a gifted passer who promised to break virtually every national record for throwing and to lead the team to an even better record than last year's 9-2.

And so the season began. Nielsen threw two touchdown passes against Kansas State, six against Utah State and five against New Mexico as the Cougars won three straight. But in BYU's fourth game, against Oregon State in Corvallis, disaster struck. After three more touchdown passes gave the Cougars a 9-0



lead early in the second half, Nielsen was twice intercepted for touchdowns and the Beavers rallied to win 24-19. Far worse, Nielsen injured his left knee.

With Nielsen out for the season the quarterback job went to Marc Wilson, a sophomore. Remarkably, little has changed. Oh sure, the receivers have to hang on a little tighter because Wilson rifles everything and the Cougars run more roll-outs to take advantage of his running ability, but that is all. The team still has a 6' 5" quarterback who passes about three of every four times he takes a snap and completes more than 59% of them, many for touchdowns. In his first starting assignment against Colorado State, which was 5-0, Wilson threw seven touchdown passes as the Cougars won easily. Two weeks ago he set an NCAA record, passing for 571 yards against Utah. The only scare BYU has had since Wilson took over came against Wyoming in Laramie, the Cougars winning 10-7. "That's a tough place to play," says BYU Quarterback Coach Doug Scott. "The



stands are so close to the field you can't call audibles, which we do a lot of, Marc tried to force too many passes. He learned a lot from that one. I think he's ready for Arizona State."

Well, not quite. Or maybe Wilson and the rest of his teammates were too ready, too keyed up for the big game. On BYU's second play, Fullback Todd Christensen fumbled, the Sun Devils recovering on the Cougar 40. No great harm done, Arizona State sputtered and Steve Hicks missed a field goal from 46 yards away.

So what happened? Wilson tried his first pass of the evening—BYU's fourth offensive play of the game—and John Harris intercepted and carried to the Cougar nine. On third down Quarterback Dennis Sproul looked for his tight end, was forced to scramble and found his marvelous wide receiver, John Jefferson, floating along the back of the end zone—7-0 State.

The giveaway had just begun. On the first play after the kickoff Tailback Ruger Gourley fumbled a hand-off and State recovered on the BYU 13. Three plays lost yardage but this time Hicks was good with a 45-yard field goal and State was ahead 10-0.

Still more. Wilson threw an incom-

*Wilson (left) wanted to stop the cacophony, but Sproul kept the ASU crowd at top volume.*



plete pass after the kickoff, whereupon Christensen fumbled once more, the fourth turnover in seven plays. The Cougars escaped without damage again, but late in the quarter Wilson had another pass intercepted. The BYU defense held. However, when the offense couldn't move and had to punt, State had good field position and this time Sproul took it in himself from seven yards out. That made the score 17-0 with no great strain on State's part. The Sun Devil defense, using only three linemen to rush Wilson and keeping close check on receivers coming out of the backfield, was doing a splendid job of containing the BYU passing attack. Brigham Young went to the locker room with three fumbles, two interceptions and no points. And 46 yards total offense, 14 of it passing. Only a splendid job by the Cougar defense had kept the score from being 31-0.

There were a few moments in the second half when it seemed as if Brigham Young might struggle up off the canvas. The first time Arizona State had the ball, it fumbled on its 20 and before you could say turnover, Wilson had his flanker Mike Chronister in the end zone. That made it 17-7, and a half game, maybe.

Except that 27 seconds later State had the points back. Sproul pitched out to Halfback Arthur Lane, who swung wide to his left, stopped and sailed a left-handed pass to Wingback Chris DeFrance who was wide open. Now the score was 24-7.

And yet it didn't seem an insurmountable margin as Wilson began connecting—he finished the evening with 21 completions in 38 attempts for 283 yards—and the Cougars reached the State 16. Wilson then flipped to Christensen on a swing pass and the fullback was apparently going in for the score when he was hit on the one and fumbled. Minutes later the Cougars were back again, but when Wilson threw into the end zone, State's Michael Lee gathered it in. Pop. End of dream. There were still almost 19 minutes of play remaining, but the crackle was gone from the BYU comeback.

Late in the game the Cougars scored once more but by that time the Sun Devils were busy congratulating themselves on the sideline. And well they should, especially the defense. If the man with the fireworks really knew his football, he'd set off a few rockets for them.

END

# JUST WHAT THE DOCTOR ORDERED

Both Montreal and Philadelphia were mired in slumps when they arrived in New York to play the Islanders. The Canadiens departed with a victory, the Flyers left with a tie and the anemic Islanders nursed their wounds **by PETER GAMMONS**

The National Hockey League's six-month, 80-game regular season is only five weeks and 15 games old but already the death of a Canadian has been reported in Montreal. One recent Saturday a French radio station announced that Defenseman Guy Lapointe, sidelined at the time with a groin injury, had passed away. This news naturally was Topic A from the bowels of the Forum to the summit of Mount Royal. Just when people were wondering where they should send the flowers, Lapointe arrived in the Canadiens' dressing room at the Forum and was briefed "I am very pleased to deny that I am dead," he said.

Such is life in Montreal when Les Habitants aren't winning every game by a 7-1 score. In fact, denying rumors of terminal disease has been the most interesting part of the season so far for Montreal, Philadelphia and the New York Islanders, rated the NHL's three best teams in preseason polls. Along Montreal's rue Sae, Catherine, Parti Québécois had been forgotten for the moment. The Canadiens, who lost only one game at the Forum all last season, suddenly had lost three home games within 10 days and had won only one of their previous five. In New York the Islanders seemed ready for pregame meetings on Bob Newhart's couch. Their inconsistent play, characterized mainly by an obvious lack of interest, had players criticizing management, players sniping at players and Coach Al Arbour calling his athletes "a bunch of babies." And in Philadelphia, the Flyers led the Islanders by two points in their Patrick Division battle but had lost the only three games they had played against strong teams, including their first home-ice loss to Buffalo since the Sabres joined the NHL eight years ago.

Last week the Canadiens and the Flyers took turns visiting the Islanders as all three teams underwent their prescribed monthly checkups. "Championships aren't decided in November," said Philadelphia Coach Fred Shero, "but matchups like these show you where you

stand." Montreal Coach Scotty Bowman said, "We've been playing terribly, and if we were facing a bunch of games against weak teams we'd probably continue to play terribly. But we play the Islanders, then get Toronto at home, and that's exactly what we need."

As Bowman talked, Montreal was still thawing out from the shock of Monday night's loss to the Minnesota North Stars at the Forum. After that game Canadian Goalender Ken Dryden said that when he went to the parking lot for his car the attendant greeted him not with a nod or a hello but with a grumbling "Minnesota 5, Canadiens 3."

"People have suggested that we are bored, knowing we will finish first and be in the Stanley Cup playoffs," said Dryden. "But being bored is practically impossible in Montreal. Not with the fans, the media, and the lectures we get in practice."

With Lapointe watching in street clothes and their two other All-Star defensemen, Larry Robinson and Serge Savard, in mild slumps, the Canadiens suddenly were not providing Goalenders Dryden and Bunty Larocque with steady protection. Also, Dryden and Larocque, who had been sharing the goalending load, both seemed to be allowing one easy goal a game, which Bowman attributed to a lack of sharpness.

"Dryden has always needed a lot of work to keep his edge," Bowman said, "and he's not getting it under this system. So, starting with the Islanders' game, I'm going back to what we've always done around here. Dryden's the No. 1 goalie, and he'll play most of the games. Larocque's a good goalie, too good to be a backup, but we've won four Stanley Cups in the 5½ years that Dryden has been our No. 1 goalie." Bowman paused. "Our problems aren't that serious," he said. "We're a team that relies on one scoring line—Guy Lafleur, Steve Shutt and Jacques Lemaire—and three others that work. Some of the workers have been a little frustrated, and they've been

trying to do things they really can't."

Midway through the first period Thursday night Montreal rookie Pierre Mondou outmuscled the Islanders' Jude Drouin in a face-off and passed the puck to Yvon Lambert, who outmuscled Jean Potvin at the goalmouth and rerouted the puck past Goalender Glenn Resch. Après ça, le défilé. As the Islanders stopped and watched, Lafleur scored one spectacular goal and set up two others for Shutt, then Bob Gainey roared past Drouin for a shorthanded goal to complete the 5-1 rout. In the dressing room Shutt stood on a chair and led a brief chorus of *Happy Days Are Here Again*. Maybe for Montreal, but probably not for the rest of the NHL. Back at the Forum on Saturday night, Lafleur scored his second hat trick of the season and Dryden was spectacular in goal as the Canadiens ravaged Toronto 5-0.

While the rout of the Islanders revived the Canadiens, it left the Islanders in chaos. This is a team that has never finished first in its division and never reached the Stanley Cup finals, and suddenly a couple of players are quoted as saying the Islanders lack "motivation." "It makes you wonder, doesn't it?" snapped Arbour. The coach himself was openly second-guessed by penalty-killing specialist Lorne Henning after he kept Henning out of the lineup for the Montreal game. Several Islanders said that an incident in the previous Sunday's 5-3 loss at Boston, when one of the Bruins' few pacifists, Finnish Forward Matti Hagman, blind-sided 6'3", 215-pound New York Captain Clark Gillies into the boards and escaped without reprisal, was the symbol of their season. "A lot of us have forgotten that it's hitting and hard work that have got us where we are," said Defenseman Gerry Hart. One other problem Defenseman Denis Potvin had not been a commanding figure in any game this season, and the question on Long Island was, "When will Denis show up?"

In addition, the defense-oriented Is-



As Philadelphia's Bob (Hound) Kelly, his neck in New York hands, well knows, when the Islanders meet the Flyers, playing a tie is not like having your sister

landers were breaking in three offense-oriented rookies—Right Wing Mike Bossy, Center Mike Kaszycka, and Swedish Defenseman Stefan Persson—and the growing pains were evident even though Bossy scored their only goal against Montreal and had nine for his first 15 games in the NHL. In fact, if not for the outstanding work of Resch and Billy Smith in goal and the emergence of 21-year-old Center Bryan Trottier as one of the NHL's genuine stars, the Islanders could have been floundering somewhere south of Atlanta.

When the Flyers arrived for Saturday night's game, they weren't bubbling with joy either, having just lost to Buffalo 3-2 at the Spectrum. "We've talked a lot about the fact that we haven't beaten one of the top clubs yet," said Defenseman Joe Watson. "And we know all about our disgraceful performance in the playoffs last year when Boston beat us four straight. So this game with the Islanders really means a lot. We've got to find out a few things about ourselves."

Predictably, bodies started flying the instant Referee Bruce Hood dropped the puck. The Islanders dominated the first two periods and led the Flyers 2-0. The New York forwards pounded away at the Philadelphians at every chance, and Hart—one of the smallest skaters on the ice—continually chopped down Flyers twice his size. Potvin stopped trying to play like the second Bobby Orr and, for a change, played like the first Denis Potvin, body-checking viciously and passing the puck out of his zone, not skating with it Orr style. Bossy fed Trottier for a first-period power-play goal, only the fourth such score for New York in 39 opportunities, and Billy Harris whizzed a 45-footer past Bernie Parent in the second period.

In the third period, though, the Islanders reverted to their early-season form. They forgot to check, forgot to hit. The Flyers struck quickly, converting a poor New York clearing pass into one goal and tying the score at 2-2 when Dailey blasted a 50-footer through Smith's pads. Led

by Dailey, the Flyers befuddled the Islanders in the final period. Smith's artistry repeatedly saved New York, and as the clock ticked away it was obvious that Arbour was happy to escape with the 2-2 tie. In fact, rather than go for broke with the high-scoring Trottier-Bossy-Gillies line when there was a face-off in Philadelphia's end in the final minute, Arbour opted for a safe checking line.

When the game was over, Hart had a footlong slash across his neck, courtesy of Clarke's stick. Under Clarke's left eye was a long mark, courtesy of a chop by Smith that had emptied both benches at the end of the second period. "I know it was only a tie but I really think we've turned ourselves around and will play the way we have to," said Hart. Countered Clarke, "We proved we could go on the road and come back against a good team."

So, as the checkup ended, the Canadians were in perfect health, the Flyers were recovering, and the Islanders were still in sick bay—and Guy Lapointe was alive and well in Montreal.

END

# VINCE, YOU WOULDN'T BELIEVE IT

Lombardi's Packers won the first two Super Bowl games, but things haven't been the same since. The upstart AFC has not only won six of the last seven, this season it leads the NFC 11-3 in interconference games **by JOE MARSHALL**

It is time for you diehard fans of the Packer sweep, Papa Bear Halas and the Violent World of Sam Huff to face reality. The American Football Conference, not the NFC, is now the major league of professional football. Jonah has swallowed the whale. The National Conference may be as rich in tradition as the Ivy League but nowadays it is also about as awesome. Forget that nonsense about any given Sunday. On just about every given Sunday in the National Football League the AFC is humiliating the NFC.

NFC teams have faced AFC teams 14 times this season and the NFC has won a grand total of three games. One was an upset, the clawless Detroit Lions, who last won a division title when Bobby Layne was their quarterback, catching the improving young San Diego Chargers napping two weeks ago and stunning them 20-0. This past weekend the NFC saved some face by winning two interconference games, Chicago beating Kansas City 28-27 on the very last play, and Minnesota whipping Cincinnati 42-10.

The AFC runaway also has enabled

the newcomers to pull ahead of the NFC for the first time in the series' eight-year history—139 to 137. In postseason games, the AFC has been dominant for a long time. The American Conference has won the last five Super Bowls and six of the past seven. Actually, eight of the last nine if you count the Super Bowl victories by the AFL Jets and Chiefs in 1969 and 1970, before the merger. Some haughty old-line NFC advocates like to snipe that three of these Super Bowl games were won by NFC defectors—two by Pittsburgh, one by Baltimore. Nevertheless, Vince Lombardi must be turning over in his grave.

Perhaps the present state of the two conferences is best symbolized by their respective presidents, the AFC's Lamar Hunt and the NFC's George Halas. Hunt, 45, was a driving force when the AFL merged with the NFL. Halas, 82, was a driving force when the 19th century merged with the 20th.

The irony of the NFC's decline is that the nine ex-AFL clubs are still making payments—and will be until 1987—on

the \$18 million that the NFL charged the AFL for what has become the privilege of showing its elders how to play the game. At the time of the merger the three clubs that moved from the old NFL to the AFC—Pittsburgh, Baltimore and Cleveland—each received \$3 million from their former NFL partners for agreeing to associate with those comically inept AFLers. When some NFL owners recently suggested, perhaps only half in jest, that it was time to break up the AFC, Cleveland owner Ari Modell laughed, "Sure, just give me X million more and I'll be glad to move back to the NFC," he said.

The Houston Oilers probably would love to switch from the AFC to the NFC. Through the last three seasons the Oilers have a 7-0 record against NFC teams

*continued*

ILLUSTRATIONS BY SANDY HUFFERER



1970, Terry Bradshaw



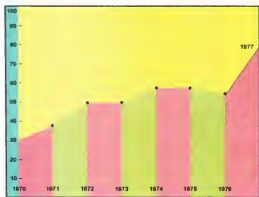
1971, Jack Tatum



1972, Riley Odoms



1973, Barry Jones



*Thanks to a stream of successful draft choices, the AFC's winning percentage in interconference games has risen from 30% in 1970, the year when the merger took effect, to a lopsided 79% in 1977*



1977, A. J. Duhaime



1974, Dave Casper



1975, Russ Francis



1976, Richard Todd

but only a 3-14 record in their own AFC Central Division.

Next year the NFL's expanded post-season format will produce two new play-off teams, upping the number from eight to 10. Regrettably, the rules say that five of the 10 will have to come from the NFC. The plan fact is that right now eight of the 11 strongest teams in the NFL belong to the AFC, and if the present trend continues that number will increase. Only Dallas, Los Angeles and Minnesota of the NFC—none of which, incidentally, played an AFC opponent this season until the Vikings met the Bengals last Sunday—are in a league with Oakland, New England, Miami, Cincinnati, Pittsburgh, Denver, Baltimore and Cleveland of the AFC. The NFC is sinking fast. And getting winless-forever Tampa Bay instead of developing Seattle in the expansion realignment hardly served as a life jacket.

To make matters worse, not only is the NFC less efficient and less successful than the AFC, it is also less entertaining. The AFC has outscored the NFC in each of the past three years, last season by 30 points per team. "The AFC's offenses are much more wide open," says Tight End Jenn Fugett of the NFL's Washington Redskins. "They're go-for-broke offenses as compared to the stud, conservative, third-and-one-let's-run-it type of play in the NFC. The AFC teams will put it up, they'll go deep."

To Jim Finks, the general manager of the NFC Chicago Bears, the AFC's exciting play is a logical outgrowth of its winning ways. "I don't buy the philosophy that the AFC has more imagination," he says. "Imagination is nothing but good execution. In our game against Houston [the Oilers humbled the Bears 47-0] the Oilers ran an end around and White Shoes Johnson went 61 yards for a touchdown. We could run the same play and lose 18 yards. Is that imagination? You're limited to what your people can do."

Most observers, Coach Don Shula of AFC Miami and General Manager Joe Thomas of NFC San Francisco among them, feel that the AFC's dominance is best explained by superiority at quarterback. The AFC seems to have exclusive rights to the game's top young passers, a list that includes Oakland's Kenny Stabler, Baltimore's Bert Jones, Buffalo's Joe Ferguson, Miami's Bob Griese, New England's Steve Grogan, the New York Jets' Richard Todd, Cincinnati's Ken An-

derson, Houston's Dan Pastorini, Pittsburgh's Terry Bradshaw and Seattle's Jim Zorn. Of these, the oldest is Griese at 32, and Stabler is the only other who has reached 30. Of the National Conference's name quarterbacks, including Dallas' Roger Staubach, Minnesota's Fran Tarkenton, Washington's Billy Kilmer and St. Louis' Jim Hart, Hart is the youngest at 33. "Most of the AFC teams have been built since 1967, the first year of the com-



Oakland's Davis is doing the laughing now

mon draft," says Denver Personnel Director Carroll Hardy. "They're built on young players. The NFC teams, the old-line powers of the NFL, have gone along with their good players too long."

Of course, the NFC doesn't play such stodgy and unimaginative football that it thinks it can do without quarterbacks. Between 1967 and 1974 the NFC used 14 first- or second-round draft choices to select signal callers. However, only two of the 14 are starters with their original

teams—New Orleans' Archie Manning and Detroit's Greg Landry. One is a transplanted starter—Philadelphia's Ron Jaworski. The other 11? Have you somehow forgotten Bobby Douglass, Steve Spurrier, Jerry Tagge, John Reaves, Don Horn, James Burris, Pat Sullivan, Gary Keithley, Bill Cappelman, Gary Beban and Gary Hull?

The AFC has not acquired its young quarterbacks simply because of better drafting position. Griese was taken by Miami after Spurrier had been picked by San Francisco. Bert Jones went to Baltimore on a draft choice that New Orleans had traded to the Colts for Billy Newsum, a defensive end who lasted only two seasons with the Saints. Stabler was picked after the Rams drafted Beban, and Ferguson was selected after Keithley (St. Louis), Huff (Chicago) and Jaworski (L.A.). Ken Anderson was a third-round selection in 1971, the same year that the New York Giants chose Bermudian cliff diver Rocky Thompson, San Francisco picked Tim Anderson and Minnesota named Leo Hayden in the first round. Thompson, Tim Anderson and Hayden all are out of football. Grogan went to the Patriots in the fifth round, right after the 49ers had snapped up Notre Dame Running Back Wayne Bullock. Bullock is now a city employee in Hampton, Va.

Not only has the AFC drafted more intelligently than the NFC, but it has also put more faith in the draft. Thanks to trades for "future draft considerations," AFC teams have had 55% of the first-round picks since 1973. In 1973, the best draft year ever in terms of quality personnel, the AFC had 17 of the 26 first-round choices. That was the year the Colts got Jones by means of a draft choice acquired from an NFC team. The Colts, thanks to the wheeling and dealing of Joe Thomas when he was their general manager, have built the nucleus of their team with players obtained from NFC teams; indeed, nine of Baltimore's 22 starters have ties to the NFC. Also in '73, New England drafted Guard John Hannah with its own pick, added Running Back Sam Cunningham and Wide Receiver Darryl Stingley with choices from NFC teams, and promptly went from a loser to a contender. NFC teams, meanwhile, used first-round picks to obtain the likes of Dave Butz, Ernest Price, Mike Holmes and Barry Smith.

A recent *Dallas Times Herald* survey of the draft since 1970, the year the AFC

continued





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and NFC began interconference play, is revealing. It reported that the AFC still has 74 of its post-1969 first-round choices, the NFC just 58. That means more than one extra first-round player for each AFC team, and first-rounders are supposed to be of Pro Bowl caliber. From the top five rounds, the best measure of scouting skill, the AFC still has 236 players, 138 of them starters. The NFC has 194 players left, 116 of them starters.

"The AFC has more superstars," says General Manager Peter Hadhazy of AFC Cleveland, which drafted star Running Back Greg Pruitt with a choice acquired from an NFC team. "A good tight end is the key to a solid offense. I'll play you a game. You name an NFC tight end and I'll counter with an AFC tight end." Hadhazy wins this game easily, because he is playing with a loaded deck: Oakland's Dave Casper, New England's Russ Francis, Denver's Riley Odoms, Baltimore's Raymond Chester, Pittsburgh's Bennie Cunningham, Kansas City's Walter White. Hadhazy would also win a match game with the AFC running backs and wide receivers, not to mention the AFC quarterbacks as well as all those people who make life miserable for quarterbacks, such as Pittsburgh Linebacker Jack Lambert, Oakland Safety Jack Tatum and Miami rookie Linebacker A. J. Duhe.

Last year AFC players won seven of the NFL's eight individual statistical titles—including rushing, passing and receiving. The Rams' Monte Jackson was the only NFC player to win an individual title outright—interceptions. And as AFC followers like to joke, that should come as no surprise considering the skill with which those NFC quarterbacks throw the ball.

The secret to the AFC's rise to superiority, however, is not so much having the good players as being wise enough to get them in the first place. "The thing that wins for you is a solid organization," says Oakland's Al Davis. "In the early days of the AFL our organizations were much more aggressive than all but one or two of the NFL's." Dallas General Manager Tex Schramm agrees. "When we merged, those young and vigorous organizations in the AFC had a goal and an incentive, where I think some of our older clubs might have been prone to be

satisfied with the status quo in their operations. They got complacent." Hunt thanks his conference's aggressiveness was most evident in the search for talent. "Our clubs were willing to spend more money scouting," he says.

Dollar figures are not available, but indications are that the AFC has placed a far greater priority—and spent much more money—on personnel and scouting than the NFC. With few exceptions, notably the Cowboys and the Rams, personnel men have not played prominent roles in NFC organizations. Inbreeding—which is common among NFC head

have dominated AFC front offices, and the AFC has not hesitated to raid the NFC for key executives. The Dolphins and later the Colts brought in supercoach Joe Thomas to lead their talent hunt. New England made Baltimore Personnel Director Upton Bell its general manager, and Bell, in turn, raided the Cowboys for the Patriots' current personnel director, Bucko Kilroy. When the Bengals brought Paul Brown out of retirement, Brown's first appointment was a personnel director, Al LoCasale. Kansas City, Buffalo, Denver, New England and San Diego hired former college coaches—

Hank Stram, Lou Saban, John Ralston, Chuck Fairbanks and Tommy Prothro, respectively—who had reputations as good judges of talent. More recently the Chargers made a former Los Angeles personnel director, Johnny Sanders, their general manager.

On the other hand, when the Atlanta Falcons were born in 1965, owner Rankin Smith asked NFL Commissioner Pete Rozelle to recommend someone to head up his organization. Rozelle suggested a former NFL public-relations man, Bud Erickson. The Falcons got off on the right foot with their public, selling all the season tickets they had to offer that year. So who can question the wisdom of Rozelle's nomination? After all, the Falcons have been in business just 12 years, and already they have had two winning seasons. By contrast, Al Davis doesn't even have a public-relations man in his Oakland front office. The man who handles those duties is LoCasale, the personnel man whom Davis imported from Cincinnati.

Does all this mean that the AFC will become even more dominant? Not necessarily. Already there are signs that NFC clubs are beginning to learn their lesson. Halas brought in Finks, an organizational whiz at Minnesota, to upgrade the Bears. Stram has taken his red vest to New Orleans. Thomas is prospecting for college gold for the 49ers. There are even rumors that Wellington Mara may look outside his Giant family for a new general manager.

A word to the wise, Wellington. If you want the Giants to challenge for the Vince Lombardi Trophy instead of the Lambert Cup, this time get someone from the AFC.

## THE ONES WHO GOT AWAY

These players came to the AFC as the result of draft picks acquired in trades with the NFC, which usually got little in return

**WIDE RECEIVER**—Darryl Stingley, Roger Carr, Glenn Doughty, Johnny Rodgers, Billy Brooks, Steve Largent, Freddie Solomon, John Stallworth, Morris Owens

**OFFENSIVE TACKLE**—John Vella, Doug Dickens, Larry Brown, Ray Panney, Joe Dehn

**GUARD**—Ken Huff, Glenn Bynoch, Robert Pratt, Paul Howard

**CENTER**—Pete Brock, Bob Roth

**TIGHT END**—Andre Tillman

**QUARTERBACK**—Bert Jones

**RUNNING BACK**—Greg Pruitt, Sam Cunningham, Bennie Malone, Ron Lee

**DEFENSIVE END**—Gary Burley

**DEFENSIVE TACKLE**—Wilson Whitley,

Phil Dokes

**LINEBACKER**—Derrel Luce, Larry Gordon

**CORNERBACK**—Mike Williams,

Raymond Clayborn

**SAFETY**—Tim Fox

coaches, most of whom have been chosen from the ranks of retired star players or pro-assistants—has also been prevalent in NFC front offices. The Giants are a case in point. Their last major administrative move came in 1974 when they gave control of their football operations to former Giant Defensive End Andy Robustelli, who was a travel agent. Robustelli has booked the Giants on a trip to oblivion. As one Giant player grumbles, "We have a rebuilding year every year."

On the other hand, personnel men

Jane Frederick is No. 1 pentathlete in the U.S., but she wants to be first in the world—and to score 5,000 points

## **PLAINLY, JANE HAS A PENCHANT FOR THE PENTATHLON**

by JOE MARSHALL

Of the 30,000 students on UCLA's Westwood campus, just five were enrolled last spring in Italian 220C, a graduate-level offering entitled "Italian 20th Century Literature: Contemporary Fiction." The professor, P. M. Pasinetti, is himself a noted contemporary Italian novelist, and the course might have attracted more interest but for the fact that Pasinetti conducts his classes entirely in Italian. Four of his five students had already earned master's degrees at UCLA, were serving as teaching assistants there and were preparing to take Ph.D. oral exams within the next year. The fifth student, Jane Wardwell Frederick, had just begun work toward a master's in comparative literature, but her academic credentials were in order. A *sommus cum laude* graduate in Italian from the University of Colorado, she is a polyglot scholar who also speaks German and is learning Russian. In addition, she has taken two semesters of Chinese. Yet, in Frederick's case, her academic accomplishments are incidental to her fame. Jane Frederick is the finest female track and field athlete in America and while at UCLA she is also working to earn recognition as the No. 1 woman athlete in the world.

Frederick competes in the pentathlon, a two-day women's event consisting of the 100-meter hurdles, the shotput and the high jump on the first day, and the long jump and 800-meter run on the second. It is the only multiple event in women's track and field. Surely, if Bruce Jenner, the decathlon gold medalist at Montreal, can grace every box of Wheaties as the epitome of male athleticism, then the No. 1 pentathlete must be considered the finest female athlete.

Among the world's active pentathletes Frederick has the fifth-best performance of the year. She could run, jump and throw her way to the top overnight by becoming the first woman to exceed 5,000 points. That total is the pentathlon's magic milestone, the equivalent of what four minutes once was to the mile. The former world record of 4,932 was set in 1973 by Burglinde Pollak of East Germany, who competed under the old format (with a 200-meter sprint instead of the 800). The currently recognized world record in the new pentathlon—4,839—was

established last summer by Nadyezhda Tkachenko of the Soviet Union. Frederick's best mark of 4,677 was achieved in May 1976 when she won the national (old format) pentathlon title in Santa Barbara, Calif. Last August, at the University Games in Sofia, Bulgaria, she set the currently recognized U.S. record of 4,625, with the 800 meters. No American has come within 250 points of Frederick's mark.

In fact, she has pretty much dominated the event in this country since 1972, when she won the first of her four national titles. She did not compete in 1974 because she was in Italy and this year she had to pass up the championship competition because of an injury. In addition, in 1975 and 1976 Frederick was the U.S. 100-meter hurdles champion, and in Sofia she set an American 100-meter hurdles record of 13.24 during the pentathlon. Last winter she won the national AAU indoor hurdles championship, setting a world record of 7.3 seconds for 60 yards. She also set an American record at 50 yards (6.3).

Standing on the track at UCLA's Drake Stadium, the one thing Jane Frederick does not resemble is what one might expect a student in Italian 220C to look like. Her shoulders are wide and muscular, she can bench-press 205 pounds. Her 5' 11", 157-pound body tapers to a 28" waist and she has long, powerful legs.

For Frederick, that body has taken on a separate identity, like a race driver's car or a jockey's horse. For it to meet her expectations her body must be endlessly coddled, nourished and fine-tuned. "In a multiple event like the pentathlon you need more than raw talent," Frederick says. "You have to be conscious of the proportions of your body, yet so few American athletes are. A pentathlete, for instance, can't have the hamstrings of a hurdler because they wouldn't do for the distance race. The preparation of your body is so important because that's what has to perform."

Frederick admits that nonetheless her *contender*

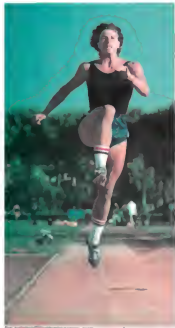
*Frederick figures that the new pentathlon format, including an 800-meter race, is to her benefit*



shape can cause problems. She cannot wear women's clothes and she even has trouble fitting her shoulders into men's shirts. "Everybody who approaches me from behind calls me sir," she says, smiling indulgently. Once, in New Orleans, a myopic headwaiter, who was viewing her head on, refused her admittance to a restaurant because she wasn't wearing the jacket required of all men.

Inevitably, her muscles provoke comment; just as inevitably, some of it is derogatory. Yet most reactions are admiring. "I think her body's beautiful," says Mac Wilkins, the 1976 Olympic gold medalist and world-record holder in the discus. "Most American women are marshmallows—physically, mentally and emotionally."

Dr. Leroy Perry Jr., a Los Angeles chiropractor who treats many top athletes and whom Frederick visits weekly, is more clinical in his appraisal. "Jane is functioning at about 75% to 80% in terms of body balance and coordination, and in terms of muscle response," he says. "The average person functions some-



where between 50% and 55%. I see Jane as a kind of high-performance gazelle with incredible amounts of strength and form. She is Mac Wilkins, Wilk Chamberlain and Bruce Jenner all put together on a woman's form."

Frederick is herself an admirer of Frederick. "I love my body," she says. "I've always liked being different. My body is different and I love it, every part of it. I particularly love my shoulders because they are unique."

Indeed, for the pentathlon if not for haute couture, her shape is ideal. "Jane is so tall because she has very long legs," says her roommate, Giulia Montefiore, an Italian pentathlete who is pursuing a degree in athletic training at California State University at Northridge. "In the hurdles all she has to do is run. Her legs are so long that she doesn't need to jump. I don't think she even sees the hurdles."

Alas, the Frederick physique is not perfect. From her father, Jane inherited small feet. They continually cause problems, most of which she takes to Dr. Perry. It was a strained right arch that kept her out of this year's national pentathlon competition and limited her par-

ticipation at the AAU outdoor meet to the shotput, in which she finished second with a personal best of 51'  $\frac{1}{4}$ ". A scar curls around her left anklebone, the result of a 1973 operation to cure a nerve entrapment. "It looks like I laid an earthworm on it and he soaked in," says Frederick, surveying the scar. Her right ankle is discolored where seven stitches were needed to close a wound suffered while high-jumping at a meet among U.S., Canadian and Russian teams in Toronto last March. She was stitched up on the spot and, against the advice of her coaches, re-entered the meet and won a hurdles race that clinched her victory in the triathlon, a sort of mini indoor pentathlon. Later that night she won an individual hurdles race against stiffer competition. The following day she could hardly walk.

There was a time when Jane Frederick seemed far more interested in being a scholar than an athlete. The youngest of four children, she grew up in the San Francisco Bay Area in a virtual grove of academe. Her father taught political science at Berkeley. Her mother taught nursery school; she has since gone on to a master's degree in education and now heads up a community college program in early childhood education. Not that

With a best of 20' 11", Frederick covers the long jump to offset shortfalls in other events





*Frederick's best event is the hurdles. She has run 13.24 in the 100 meters and ranks No. 1 in the U.S.*

Olympics. Instead she went to a Camp-fire Girls camp.

In the fall of 1969 Frederick entered the University of Colorado. At the time the school had no women's track program. "I didn't think about track in my choice of a college," she says. "I didn't have that kind of commitment. I went to college to get an education." Before long, however, she got together with a local coach, Lyle Knudson (now chairman of the Rocky Mountain AAU), and began working out. She had started to get serious about track. Then, in March, just as the season was getting underway, she tore a hamstring. Fourteen months passed before she entered a meet.

In the meantime Frederick decided to major in art and spend a year studying in Pisa, Italy. There, in the spring of 1971, she started to work out again. She had met an Italian coach, Franco Radman, who put her on a weight-lifting program. He convinced her that she could qualify for the 1972 Olympics as a pentathlete. Changing her major from art to Italian, she returned to Colorado and said to Knudson, "Let's go for it." The next year she won her first national pentathlon title and the Olympic Trials, making the U.S. team for the Munich Games.

It is important to understand that at this stage of her career Frederick viewed herself as a dedicated athlete, and by most standards was in fact just that. What she discovered in Munich, where she finished 21st in her first international competition, came as a shock. "When I got to Munich I saw just how much I had been playing around," she says. "I saw that the pentathlon had to be the central focus of my life, not just an activity on the side. I had always known I could do better but now I saw how much more I had to do to achieve something significant. And I said to myself, 'O.K. That's what I want to do.'"

Since graduating from Colorado in June 1973, Frederick has methodically trained for the pentathlon. First, she returned to Pisa to concentrate on weight lifting, the shotput and the high jump with Radman. She was there almost all of 1974, building her weight from 150 to 175 pounds.

*Frederick and her roommate, pentathlete Giulia Monetaforte, work out at Roma's Farnesina track*

While in Italy she met Sam Adams, the track coach at the University of California at Santa Barbara. He offered to coach her if she came back to Santa Barbara as a graduate student. Frederick did so late in 1974. With Adams she concentrated on the hurdles. "I had weight-trained so hard in Italy that I had totally ignored my running," she says. "Sam's coaching completely changed my hurdling." She improved from a best time of 14.3 in the hurdles to 13.4, a gain of 116 pentathlon points. Her best pentathlon to that point had been a 4,391, but in June 1975 she combined her new strength with Adams' running training to smash her American record by almost 300 points while winning her third national title.

Frederick stayed on at Santa Barbara the following year to train for Montreal. She had high hopes, but she did poorly. She was sixth at the end of the first day and finished seventh. "I had expected a medal," she says. "In the long jump [the first event of the second day] I fouled on my first and third attempt and had to set-

*continued*



the family frowned upon sports. Her father officiated at local track meets and both her brothers were athletic. "My sister also was very athletic in junior high," says Jane, "but when she got to high school she discovered boys. She thought boys and sports didn't go together. I think that's a lot of hogwash."

When Jane was 11 the family moved from Berkeley to nearby Orinda, and she took up track, joining a local AAU team "because it was a nice kind of social thing for a new person in town," Jane had never high-jumped, but one week she was taught the scissors style and the next she set a local age-group record of 4' 11" at the district championships.

In 1965, at age 13, she entered the national pentathlon championship, supposedly limited to those 14 and over. "There were only four people in it and they were glad to have another body. I got fifth," she says. "I didn't enter another national pentathlon until 1972, yet for some reason I always considered myself a pentathlete." Others did, too. She received mention in track periodicals but the question, "When will Jane Frederick get serious about track?" always accompanied such write-ups. In 1968 Frederick was offered a chance to go to the camp where athletes were training for the Mexico City



*Tosha, Jane's newest cat, joins Mousey and P.R., the latter bought when Jane broke a hurdle mark*

**FREDERICK** *continued*

tle for my second, which was just a safe jump. Then, in the 200-meter run, I was overanxious. I didn't sprint. I strided. I let myself down in those final two events, the most critical, but the whole thing was mediocre. I ran the hurdles with no pizzazz. I shotput with no oomph and I high-jumped flat as a pancake."

She dismisses her performance as the result of last-minute anxiety and over-training. Friends suggest the anxiety started long before Montreal. Monteforte says Jane was hard to live with for months before the Olympics, and as a testament to that recalls a black eye she received from Jane during an argument.

"I have an ego that's out to here," admits Frederick, stretching her left arm to its limit and smiling. "Particularly before a big competition, I'm intolerant to most of my friends. To compete in the pentathlon, to achieve personal records, you have to draw from yourself something you've never done before. I never let my mind think that I won't do it. I keep my mind always on track. I turn off that part of myself that can compromise with people. Things get on my nerves much more

easily because they interrupt what I'm trying to maintain. Usually it's the people really close to me who suffer."

This past September Frederick moved to L.A., where Chuck Debus, the coach of the Los Angeles Naturist Track Club, is putting the finishing touches on her pentathlon, concentrating on the 800 and refining her long-jump technique. She also expects her studies at UCLA to make her fluent in Russian by the 1980 Olympics in Moscow.

"I turned 25 recently," Frederick says. "I feel adult. I'm ready to go all out. Before, I was afraid to really try for that one great performance. Now I want to do it and get it done and do more and more. I'm on fire. And I have so many years of competition still ahead of me. Even 1984 isn't out of the question. I'll be 32 then."

For the present, Frederick's goal is becoming the first woman to break the 5,000-point barrier, and her chances of doing so have been enhanced by the recent restructuring of the event to include the 800. Under the old format the pentathlon could justifiably be criticized as

a sprinter/jumper event. A speedster with leg spring could almost bypass the shotput and still win. Replacing the 200 with the 800 puts a greater demand on endurance and strength, and those are Frederick's principal attributes as a pentathlete. At present her best time over the new distance is 2:16.5, worth only 835 points, but as she puts it, "I am just making my acquaintanceship with the 800." Of the top pentathletes, Tkachenko has the best 800 time in a pentathlon—2:10.6—worth 917 points.

Frederick has formulated a strategy to score 5,000 points. To get 1,000 points in each event the pentathlete would have to high-jump 5' 9½", long-jump 21' 1½", put the shot 55' 7½", run the 100 hurdles in 13.01 and the 800 in 2:05.1. Frederick has already bettered the first of these marks with a high jump of 5' 11", worth 1,031 points, and is on the verge of getting 1,000 points in two other events. Her hurdles best of 13.24 puts her 33 points short of 1,000 in that event, and her long jump of 20' 11" is just 12 points shy.

To reach 5,000 she hopes to lower her 800 time to 2:10, worth 926 points, and improve her shotput from 51' ¾" to 53' 10½" for 972 points, then pick up the deficit in the other three events. If she high-jumps 6' ¾" for 1,077 points, long-jumps 21' 3¾" for 1,009 and does the hurdles in 12.9 for 1,016 she will score exactly 5,000. "Those marks are all very, very possible for me," she says. "Every damn one."

On a recent evening Frederick returned home from a workout at Drake Stadium to find her kitchen sink full of a thick, pea-green liquid. Clearly, there was a problem with the garbage disposal. Grabbing a wrench, she crawled in among the pipes so that her upper body disappeared, only her legs protruding from the sink cabinet. From beneath the plumbing her voice was deeper than usual. "I love doing things with my hands," she said, wrenching at the bolts holding the disposal in place. "I started out as an art major because I wanted to be a craftsman, a jeweler, a potter, a sculptor—anything I could do with my hands. Maybe that's why I was so taken with sports. I could best express myself physically. If one views one's career as an expression

of the self, as where you fit into the world, then sports is a natural for me." With a powerful simultaneous twist and pull Frederick freed the disposal from the surrounding plumbing and emerged with it in her hands like a trophy.

She and Monteforte share a modest two-bedroom apartment near Westwood, furnished in early-college catch-all. The women have three cats, a stray named Mousey, a small gray animal named P.R. (which is truck and field shorthand for personal record), purchased by Monteforte the day Frederick improved her indoor 50-meter hurdles mark last season, and a new kitten, Tusha.

Trophies are conspicuously absent from the apartment. But by looking long and hard, you can discover one, or rather parts of one. It is the trophy Frederick got as "best athlete" in last season's Montreal indoor meet. The bowl now houses an impatiens plant, while the wood base has been carefully detached, turned upside down, had its plaque removed and now serves as a pot for a butterfly palm. Frederick has held onto one medal, however. It is the gold for the pentathlon at the 1975 World University Games in Rome. The victory had no great international significance, because the field was limited to college and graduate students, but that restriction is meaningful to Frederick. "I suppose it's not that big a deal," she says, "but school is tough. This medal says that within the classification of student-athletes I was the best."

The disposal restored, the sink back in order and a dinner of lamb chops and corn on the stove, Frederick pondered the master of her continuing sublimation of academia to sport. "The pentathlon gives me a satisfaction that nothing in life has ever given me... except maybe school," she said. "But school is mind-oriented and I'm so physical. If I could have made a career out of professional sports, I would have. What else in life gives you an absolute measurement of where you stand and how much you've progressed?"

"Sports, particularly the pentathlon in my case, is tantalizing. It tells you yes or it tells you no. And it tells you in such absolute terms. There is nothing so definite in life as that distance mark, that time, that height, that score."

And right now the goal in Jane Frederick's life is equally definite. 5,000 points, the first 5,000 points. **END**



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**T**ackle Steve Hunt and Fullback Rick Jensen are named the defensive and offensive players of the game after the sweet, unexpected opening-game victory over South Haven by the Vicksburg High School Bulldogs (whose fortunes I followed during the 1976 season). However, nobody is more elated by the victory and his part in it than Tailback Chip Cree, who may not have gained many yards but who had scored what proved to be the winning touchdown.

Chip and his family live in Fulton, a crossroads hamlet six miles east of Vicksburg. His father Roger operates a service station and garage which is more or less the community center of that southwestern Michigan village. On the morning after the Friday night South Haven game, Roger Cree is selling gas, working

on cars and holding forth on the Bulldogs' win to half a dozen sitters and hangers-about. "I think what it was," says Cree, "was that our kids were tougher. They just wore them down in the last half. It was one of the best high school games I've watched, and if you'll pardon my bragging, I think my boy Chip is the best all-round player on that team."

Twenty-five years ago Roger Cree played tackle for a much larger high school than Vicksburg. Now he is running a little toward fat, but he is still a powerful man. "He is the strongest man I've ever seen," says Chip admiringly and then adds, "Rick Jensen may be able to take me, but his old man had better be careful around mine."

Like Roger Cree, Al Jensen is a former tackle, but he played for Vicksburg.

He is also large, also an enthusiastic roofer, also a very proud father. Because Al Jensen thinks his son Rick, who is a linebacker on defense as well as the team's most dependable ground-gainer, is clearly the best Vicksburg football player, he is annoyed by Roger Cree's boasting loudly about his son. Cree reciprocates, and when the two big, boisterous fathers are carrying on at games, feelings sometimes get very intense.

Chip works for his father in the evenings and on weekends, but this Saturday, with full parental approval, he sleeps late and doesn't come limping in to work until mid-morning.

"I've never felt better about anything in my whole life," says Chip of the game. "It's the best win I've ever been in."

Somebody said, "You got your bell

ILLUSTRATIONS BY PAUL LAMBERT



ring pretty good in that second half."

"Man, did I. I know that guy that got me. I played baseball against him. When I went in, I got him back."

Mark Brown, the tall, slender end and punter, is in agony the morning after the game because of a shot he took when he went up to catch a pass between two defenders. When he tries to move abruptly or breathe deeply, sharp pains stab him in the chest. On Monday he is examined for broken ribs, but the report is negative. Nevertheless, the pain is severe.

Steve Hunt is in pain on Saturday morning, too, hobbling badly on the ankle he sprained the night before. He is so handicapped he cannot go to Kalamazoo to look at a motorcycle he has been thinking about buying, and neither he nor Brown is permitted to take part

in practice at all during the next week.

The rule at Vicksburg is that an injured player cannot practice or play until Dr. Lloyd Appell or another physician has given permission. "There are myths about coaches playing injured boys or not letting them get medical attention," says Appell. "Well, maybe they're not myths in some places, but they are here. The coaches at Vicksburg are overly cautious if anything. Once in a while a player or his father will argue that he should play when I don't think it is in his best interests. With the cooperation of the coaches, we never lose those arguments."

"We probably have eight or 10 injuries a year that are severe enough so that a boy misses playing time, but so far, nothing really serious. There are risks in football, but perhaps not as many as people sometimes think. In my opinion, the chance of injury is outweighed by the value of the game. Kids may be doing something much more dangerous on their own—for example, hot-rodding around in cars or on motorcycles. Don't get me started on the injuries I encounter from motorcycles."

Both Brown and Hunt dress for the next game, against Paw Paw, and both have medical permission to play, but Coach Bruce Martens tells the team that Brown will not play, except to punt, and Hunt will not play at all, "unless we really need him." He explains, "If we can get by tonight without these people, give them a chance to heal, we're going to be a lot stronger for the rest of the season."

After Martens' talk, Rick Jensen, on his way out the door, passes Hunt and jabs him in the shoulder with his fist. "What are you? A baby?" he asks softly. Only the redheaded fullback could or would say such a thing to the big tackle,

who makes only an obscene hand sign in return. It is a passage between the co-equal baron-studs of Vicksburg High School. Also, it is an odd, private gesture of sympathy, or at least as close to one as Rick Jensen can make.

Martens makes his decision to hold out Hunt and Brown partly because pregame reports say that Paw Paw is a relatively weak team, which proves to be correct. Vicksburg was 12-0, though not very stylishly. While he is again a leading bulkcarrier and makes or assists on 13 tackles, Jensen, the punter, feels his play was mediocre at best. "We figured we should win and never did get up," he says. "We almost blew it." The consensus among players and coaches is that while they were playing Paw Paw they were still savoring the spectacular win over South Haven.

During the first two games Randi Noel, the speedy end, has caught only three passes, a situation he finds deplorable. He is very loud in the locker room about how things are not going to improve unless Quarterback Jeff Schutter takes some vitamin pills or does something so he can start throwing long. Noel suggests maybe he should wait until Jeff throws and then overtake the ball in mid-air. Randi is a comic, and he can get away with his comments because no matter what he says, he says it with a laugh. Also, though he likes to pose as a hard guy, like Steve Hunt and Rick Jensen, there is nothing mean or unpleasant in his comments.

Schutter is not particularly concerned about Noel's needling. He and Randi have known each other a long time, and Jeff has a strong hold on his own confidence. "Randi probably wouldn't be satisfied with Ken Stabler" *continued*

## PART TWO: SENIOR SEASON

# IN THE END, DEFEAT AND PAIN

Injuries and bitter losses dampen Vicksburg High School's elation, anti-football voices are heard and the long season comes to its sad, sweet conclusion  
by **BL GILBERT**





throwing to him," says Jeff. "Actually, I'm feeling better about my passing. I guess I'll never throw real long, but it hasn't been that bad. I'm more disappointed in how I've been playing defense. [He is a halfback.] I'm waiting too long, not reacting quickly. Part of it is, I'm not concentrating. I'm thinking about the last series we ran, what we should run next time we get the ball."

Besides being very responsible, big on self-analysis and self-improvement, Jeff Schutter is also, surprisingly, very superstitious, at least about football. Though he has a heavy beard, he does not shave from Wednesday until Saturday after the game. On Thursday night he sleeps with his dog. He wears the same pair of pants every Friday and walks the same route between school and his house. He always eats stew as his pregame meal. "I'm sick of stew," he says, "but it's lucky, and I have to eat something."

Whether it is the stew or superstition, Jeff has his first big night in Vicksburg's third game, a 37-24 win over Comstock. He passes for more than 100 yards, completes nine of 14 and wins the offensive-player-of-the-game award. One of the passes is spectacular. On the run, just as

he is about to be tackled, Jeff loops the ball to Mark Brown, who makes a leaping catch and then carries the ball in for a 36-yard touchdown play. The quarterback also hits Randy Noel twice, although this is not enough to completely satisfy the wide receiver.

Cree and Jensen continue their unofficial, but generally recognized, competition. As usual, Jensen has a shade the better of it in terms of performance and glory, but Cree, playing his best game of the year, outgains Jensen. Twenty of his yards come on a flashy touchdown run on the third play from scrimmage. Jensen later scores twice and is named defensive player of the game for his performance at linebacker.

Brown and Hunt are back for the Comstock game, but their return is balanced by new losses. John Dekker, perhaps the strongest and most effective lineman behind Hunt, is kicked very hard in the thigh. Because of massive hemorrhaging and the fear of clotting, he is taken to the hospital and kept there most of the next week. Mike Simmons, the frail but ferocious defensive end, is rapped briskly on the head. Dazed, he is led back to the bench, where he remains conscious

but befuddled. He insists he can play, but when Dr. Appell asks him whom they are playing, Simmons cannot think of or say Comstock. "Mike, if you don't know who you're playing, you can't play," says Dr. Appell.

"That's not fair," mumbles Simmons. "That's not a fair question."

With three straight victories, Vicksburg is ranked the seventh-best Class B team in the state by the *Detroit Free Press*. Such recognition is immensely gratifying to the community, and the high ranking sets up the next game, a big contest in southern Michigan high school circles. Vicksburg, which is a member of the Wolverine Conference, will go to Kalamazoo for a non-conference game against Monsignor Hackett. Hackett, a small Class C school, is the only Catholic high school in a predominantly Protestant area, and it has an impressive, almost legendary, reputation in a variety of sports. An inordinate number of its athletes have gone on to perform well in collegiate, even in professional, ranks. Because it is a private school, not restricted by school-district boundaries, Hackett can select ("recruit") how critical rivals describe the process) good athletes from a wide area. This year a strapping 265-pounder, who had lived in the Vicksburg school district, is playing on the Fighting Irish line.

Invariably, Hackett teams are talented, well coached, pugnacious. Because the school has had so much success, its prowess tends to be magnified. "The Hackett mystique is worth three or four points a game," says Martens. "Everybody worries a little more about them because you know they are going to be good."

Martens himself played on a Vicksburg team that beat the Catholic school, but such victories have been rare and none has occurred in the previous eight seasons. A year ago, when Vicksburg had been conference co-champions, the Bulldogs were humiliated by the Fighting Irish. This year Hackett has a line that averages about 210 pounds a man, or 25 pounds per man more than Vicksburg, and also a 210-pound fullback named Jeff Rubleski, who the week before gained 245 yards against another Wolverine Conference team, mostly through the center of the line.

On game-day morning John Dekker is still in the hospital, but that afternoon he literally escapes on crutches to come to the Hackett game. Of course, he cannot

*continued*



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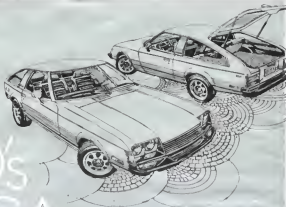


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not play. Mike Summons has recovered from his hit on the head, but both he and Jeff Schuster have missed most of the week's practice because of flu. Yet both are able to play.

The crowd that fills the stadium in Kal-amazoo is large and noisy. In all the sound, the Vicksburg team, which is not much for collective yelling at the best of times, goes through its warmups almost in dead silence. Chip Cree tries to pick things up with some chatter, but he is ignored, and he finally gives up. "We're down, really down," he mumbles.

The rival fullbacks, Rubleski and Jensen, are game captains and meet with the officials for the coin toss. Jensen loses and comes back to the bench cursing. "That ———," he says. "I stuck out my hand to shake, and he grabbed the end of my fingers and tried to crush them to show me how strong he was."

Despite the pregame apprehension, it is Vicksburg which is the most spirited and ferocious when play begins. In the first few minutes Rubleski carries the ball on three consecutive plays. Twice he is stopped at the line by Jensen firing in from linebacker.

"He's just big," Jensen says contemptuously. "He's not that hard to take down when you get to him. It's those blockers. They're really decent. One hits you, then another, and you have to fight off about three of them before you can get to that dude."

On offense, Jensen outgains Rubleski during most of the first half, but neither he nor Schuster on his roll-out runs and passes can gain consistently. A Hackett nose guard is Jensen's particular nemesis. He is short, strong, agile, black and a Golden Gloves heavyweight boxer. Jensen knows him from civilian life, so to speak. "You meet him on the street," he says, "and you think he's just a fat, quiet little guy, but you say the wrong word and he'll punch out your lights."

Hunt is going one-on-one against another formidable Hackett lineman. It seems an even contest, but during a time-out Hunt comes sprinting to the sidelines in a kind of frenzy. He seeks out Mike Blough, the assistant coach, and yells, "He's taking me, Mr. Blough! He's taking me! I can't move him!" Blough, a quiet, unflappable man, says, "Steve, he's a good ballplayer, and so are you. He's going to take you sometimes, and sometimes you're going to take him. Just stay with him."

Hunt goes back on the field, and Blough says, "Steve is not used to going against people who are as strong and quick as he is. That Hackett kid is one of the best tackles in this part of the state, but so is Steve. Steve thinks because he can't handle him all the time he's getting beat. It's a new experience, but maybe it's a good one for him."

Before the season began, Martens said his team was undermanned and that Vicksburg might be in trouble when it went against teams that were just as good but deeper. The truth of this becomes apparent as the Hackett game progresses. Hunt and Jensen and the others who are playing both offense and defense are facing fresh, rested opponents whenever the ball changes hands. Inexorably, Hackett begins to prevail, grinds down the field and finally scores to lead 7-0 at the half.

Hackett scores two more touchdowns, and late in the game their linemen break through to block one of Mark Brown's punts deep in Vicksburg territory. Brown retrieves the ball but is chased with it into the end zone and is tackled there for a safety. When he gets up he disgustedly slams the ball down, while the Hackett crowd cheers derisively. The spike draws a 15-yard penalty on the ensuing kickoff.

So inevitable is the outcome that most of the Vicksburg players seem to feel dull relief rather than sharp disappointment when the game finally ends, Hackett winning 23-0. Hunt, whose performance, one stud against several, can accurately be called gallant, still has his country sense of humor. He is asked, "Remember in August, when you said it makes you feel good for a week to really beat somebody up in a game? How about tonight?"

"I guess I've made that dude feel good for two weeks," he says.

But for two people the defeat is unbearably bitter. After the game, his teammates limping to the locker room, Jensen remains on the field, slumped on the bench, his head bowed, tears running down his face through the dirt, blood, sweat and dried saliva. It would be unthinkable to offer comfort or cheer, there being none for this man at this moment. And Martens, alone in the locker room after his players have showered, dressed and departed, beats his fist gently, distractedly, on the top of a taping table. "I wanted to win that one so bad," he says quietly. "So bad."

It has been remarked upon many times

before, but repetition does not make it any less true: one of the best things about being 17 or 18 is how quickly your mind and body recuperate from all sorts of hurts. Two hours after they have been drubbed by Hackett, most of the Vicksburg football players and their girls, along with some hangers-on, are gathered for a party. Though he is not big on large social affairs, Hunt stops by for a while before going out to cruise the countryside in his Dart with some older friends. "Everything feels better now," he says, grinning. He and Jensen, who has controlled and assimilated his misery, commence throwing ice cubes at each other, then bags of ice cubes and finally ice chests.

**F**riday night parties may not be a necessary adjunct to Friday evening football, but the two are as connected as cheese and burgers. Too many juices have been stirred up to go home and watch television or study for a Monday world culture test. There has to be more action to sop up the juices, and the rowdier it is, the better the sop. At least, that's how things have been in southern Michigan athletic circles for 35 years that I know of, and the suspicion is that that's how they have been everywhere forever.

A good many parents profess to be horrified at suggestions that Friday nights involve anything other than a very occasional beer, a lot of Cokes and pizzas and a little bit of something that is more or less pot office. They and the coaches and the faculty must surely know better, but any acknowledgment of this reality would upset the unspoken arrangement between adults and adolescents. All this may be considered deplorable, but for me the tenacious existence of the old hypocrisy was a source of pleasant nostalgia. If nothing else, Friday night parties after Friday night games would be far less satisfying and therapeutic for the participants if the exciting sense of breaking the rules were removed.

On Saturday morning, before most of the players are up, a number of Vicksburg townsmen gather for coffee and sweet rolls at Marjo's, the cafe that serves as a male morning club. The debate at Hackett is the principal topic of conversation, and the consensus is that Bruce Martens had not prepared the team adequately; he had not coached smartly during it; the players had not tried hard

continued

enough to win; they were not as manly as players once were; it was unfair for Vicksburg to play a Catholic school like Hackett, which recruits big, ugly foreigners from a wide area; and, in any case, Catholic schools should not be permitted to play honest public schools.

The complaints against Martens escalate sharply the next Saturday after Vicksburg loses another game, this one to Plainwell. The loss is a kind of mirror image of the earlier win against South Haven in which Vicksburg beat what seemed to be a slightly better team. Against Plainwell the Bulldogs appear the stronger squad and dominate the game for long stretches. But with five minutes to play, the score is tied, and in overtime Vicksburg fails to score. Plainwell does and wins 20-14.

During the week after the Plainwell game Martens decides a change is needed in his attitude toward his team. "I'm going to ease off," he says, "make practice more fun and see what happens. A good part of coaching is adjusting to your personnel, and maybe I've been at fault in that respect."

But it is not personnel changes that turn things around for Vicksburg. The Bulldogs' next opponent is Otsego, and throughout a scoreless first half the Otsegoes have a bit the better of it. Then, midway in the third period an Otsego lineman kicks Kent Weisenberg, a 6' 5", 200-pound junior tackle, who is Vicksburg's largest player, and Steve Hunt goes wild. He picks up the offending Otsego and throws him on his back. He and Weisenberg, who has regained his feet, jump on him, and it takes all the officials and Bruce Martens to separate the three, who are ejected for the rest of the game. Vicksburg fans are aghast at the loss of their biggest and best linemen, but their alarm is unfounded. What follows proves again that while maybe it shouldn't be so, there is nothing like a good fight to stir up a little enthusiasm.

On the sidelines Steve Hunt is gripped by an apparently uncontrollable fury. He races up and down raving, shouting encouragement at his teammates and obscenities at Otsego. The character of the game changes. Cree and Jensen, who have been bickering about defensive assignments, put aside their differences and begin racking up bulkier carries. When Vicksburg gets the ball, Schuster moves his team briskly down the field, in the course of things hitting Noel with a 30-

yard pass. Cree is given the ball on the 10-yard line. He starts inside, stumbles, tries to run wide and is hit behind the line by a tackler. Chip goes down almost to his knees, and the other players slow or halt their offensive and defensive activities, assuming the play is dead. However, Chip recovers. For a moment he and the defender stare at each other in something of a daze. Then at no more than a medium jog, Chip starts toward the goal line. The Otsegoes recover from their surprise in time to tackle him at the one-yard line. Vicksburg scores on the next play.

It is a lucky and freakish play, as Chip gleefully admits. Nonetheless, he has come through again, the touchdown is real, and it is how the game is won 7-0.

One lovely Saturday morning, when someone from virtually every house in Vicksburg is raking and burning leaves, a good many Vicksburgers find time to watch Rocket football, tackle football for little boys dressed in full, if miniaturized, uniforms. Schuster and Dave Croser, an offensive guard and linebacker, are serving as officials in one of the games, apparently an important one on which final standings, awards and trophies hinge. The adult coaches and the child players are tense and emotional. So, too, are many of the spectators. A woman holding a 2-year-old girl by the hand is screaming at one of the tiny players, who has dropped back to receive an expected punt. "Don't drop it, goddam it," she cries. "Don't drop it!"

Across the street, Swift Noble, the Vicksburg athletic director, is in work clothes, preparing his backyard swimming pool for the coming winter, and he is not paying much attention to the game. "Frankly, Rocket ball turns me off," he says. "It puts too much pressure on children who are too young for it. Pressures are increasing in every community and every school. Each year it seems like it is more important that kids win and a bigger disaster if they lose. The kids are tired because they are under tension all year long. They get numb, immune to excitement, turned off by athletics in general because they have had too much, been asked to do too much."

For the older, wiser Bulldogs, the best tension reliever is playing Allegan High School, the weakest team in the conference, which they defeat 46-0. A lot of people get a chance to do easily what

they have been wanting to do all fall. Noel catches a touchdown pass. Schuster completes 50% of his passes. Brown kicks two extra points. Jensen gains 157 yards and scores a touchdown. Cree gains 58 yards on only four carries. When they don't have the ball, everyone gets satisfying handfuls of tackles.

Jensen, however, is not elated by the rout of the Allegans. "They are not that bad," he says. "I mean they were that bad, but they don't have to be. They're big enough, and they hit hard enough. I wonder what's wrong with them."

The football season works its way into the subarctic conditions of late fall. By November snow begins to fall in sharp, grumpy squalls, and ice builds up on the streets and practice fields. One miserable afternoon there is a brief one-sided fight in the slush of the high school parking lot. A Vicksburg High wrestler who is just beginning preseason training knocks down a boy who insists that he doesn't have a first name and a last name but only one name. He is one of a group known as Hardcorees, whose principal distinction and pride is that they hold all authority in contempt. They keep themselves aloof from study, classroom discussions, all extracurricular activities and, to the extent that they are able, school attendance. Especially, they do not take part in athletics.

"A lot of us probably could play football on a team like this," says the boy who was knocked down, "but who wants to spend every afternoon running around in lines with coaches yelling at you? That's like the army, man."

Another student critic of football is Russell Evans, a controversial senior who is short, stout, wears thick glasses, speaks very rapidly and uses words, phrases and ideas unlike those of his classmates. He is not fond of athletics, football players being among his least favorite people. "I have often been their victim," he says. "Nothing serious, but a lot of petty teasing and humiliation. Athletes are popular and important now because they are good with balls. That's all they think about. But they are going to graduate, and the balls will be taken away from them. They'll be lost. People who have had to think about other things will be the ones who become important then, and the athletes will be forgotten."

Thursday afternoon practices have been light and casual since Martens made his decision to come on more softly. This

continued



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Thursday is a bitter cold one, and in the locker room Martens promises that his players will be outside only a short time. Rick Jensen begs off. He has a heavy cold, and he says, "Coach, I'm coughing skin. It's too cold for me to practice, and it's probably going to be too cold for me to play tomorrow night."

Earlier in the season Martens might have challenged him. Now he grins and tells Jensen he is excused and to stay warm. On Friday night Jensen plays.

All week Jeff Schutter has been thinking about a particular play to call against Gull Lake on Friday night. "I knew from the movies and talking with the coaches and playing them last year that they slam a lot," Jeff says. "I kept seeing us running a little 55-isolation, with Rick just going straight out. I thought it might catch them early before they adjusted."

It does. On the first play from scrimmage Jeff calls the 55-4s and Jensen runs 65 yards for a touchdown. For Jeff it is one of the best moments of the season because his preconceived plan works so well. Even Jensen, whose style is to cool it in adversity and triumph, is uncommonly pleased. The 65-yarder was the longest run of his career. "I couldn't believe it," he says, as he warms his hands over a charcoal fire on the sidelines. "Mark Brown took the tackle, and Dale Billington took the end. I gave the half-back a dead leg, and he missed. After that, Steve Hunt chugged along beside me, and we just strolled in."

Later in the game Jensen is involved in an odd incident that displays his football cool more than the long run. Perhaps just as Schutter had been thinking about Gull Lake, someone at Gull Lake has been thinking about Vicksburg, thinking that Jensen was the team's most productive runner, the defensive signal caller, the stalwart—and thinking, too, about the Vicksburg-Ortega fight earlier, which put Steve Hunt out of the game. Or perhaps it is a spur-of-the-moment thing. In any event, after a play has ended, a Gull Lake player comes up behind Jensen and jumps on his back with hostile intent. Jensen leans over and lets the Gull Laker slide over his head and land on the ground. He looks down at his attacker, makes an obscene gesture, turns around, walks away and continues to run through the Gull Lake line and knock down Gull Lake runners.

In the third quarter Cree, who again carries the ball only four times, breaks

*continued*

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off a 55-yard touchdown run of his own. It is not as spectacular as Jensen's first-play-of-the-game touchdown, and it is 10 yards shorter, but again Chip is there with a bona fide big move of his own. The final score is 13-0.

**W**ith only an injury-hobbled Three Rivers left on the schedule, it seems all but certain that Vicksburg will end up with a 7-2 record for the second year in a row and again will be co-champions of their league. Martens is pleased at the prospect of such fine back-to-back seasons. The seniors are equally happy to have made their point—to have shown that in their own rowdy, laughing way they are as successful as the model student-athletes of the year before. As the season winds down, there is a lot of good feeling among the coaches and players, many of whom are beginning to think about winter sports. Steve Hunt is looking forward to wrestling again, and Schutter and Noel are getting ready for basketball. Mike Blough, the easy-going assistant coach, is also preparing for basketball, having agreed to act as temporary head coach for one year because the previous basketball coach has unexpectedly left for a job in another state. Blough, a guidance counselor, had been head football coach for 10 years before voluntarily resigning. He says his attitude toward competitive sports changed during his head-coaching tenure.

"I had got to the point," he says, "where I wanted to tell the kids that sometimes we were going to meet bigger, better teams, and when we did, no matter how much we wanted it otherwise, we were going to get beat, and it wouldn't be any great disaster. But a coach can't say that or even feel that way and keep a program going. Or, at least, we don't think we can."

"There was another thing, just an incident. I felt very proud of the work I did with one kid because I thought I had helped him mature and settle down. In a way, he was my prize. He got an athletic grant to a fairly good college for football. He was there six months, got messed up with dope and some bad friends, was cut from the football team, dropped out of school and got into trouble. All the coaching and counseling, the best I thought I had ever done, didn't change things. That really shook me."

"I still love the game and I like helping Bruce. It's a good game. It gives some of the kids a lot of pleasure and excitement, which is probably the best thing about it. But I guess I've lost my faith that it is the end-all and be-all."

The team's general air of self-congratulation does not please Rick Jensen, who has a bad ankle and is still coughing from his cold. "All those guys talking about our great season," he says irritably. "Those turkeys from Three Rivers could clean us. They got a runner who is very decent. In track he won the hurdles last year. I'm sure not going to catch him if he gets a step, and if he gets past the line we'll try to dance with him, and he'll dance right past." As he so often is, Jensen is right again. The speedy Three Rivers back dances, Jensen does not play as well as usual. Nobody tackles or blocks very well. At halftime Vicksburg trails by two touchdowns.

Bruce Martens is forced out of his go-easy approach. "There's no point talking about plays or blocking assignments," he tells the team scornfully during halftime. "They are beating you one-on-one. Their tackles are beating our tackles. Their guards are firing off harder than ours are. Their linebackers are beating our runners. You guys are being handled. Forget all that last-game crap, and go out there and play football instead of thinking about it."

The analysis and advice are sound, but they do no good. Vicksburg sinks further into disarray. Among other things, the antagonism between Cree and Jensen flares into the open. When Chip explains why he missed a block, Jensen barks at him.

"I told him to quit talking to me," says Jensen afterwards. "In fact, I told him not to talk to me ever anymore." Only Noel is immune to the general peevishness, insisting to the coaches, to Jeff Schutter, to everyone, that if somebody will just get the ball to him deep he'll catch it and turn the game around.

It is a raw, bitter night with snow and mud on the field. Schutter is having a terrible time of it. Often he cannot pass when he wants to, and when he can he passes weakly for incompletions or interceptions. The shocked Vicksburg rooters, who had expected to celebrate the conclusion of a triumphant season, begin to jeer at Schutter and chant, "We want Hughey. We want Hughey."

Randy Hughey is a junior quarterback

who can throw farther than Schutter but has played behind him because the senior is a better runner, better signal caller, better all-round leader. Martens finally orders Hughey to warm up, puts him in the game and takes out Schutter, who spends the last minutes of his high school career alone at the end of the bench with his head down, covered by a hood.

The junior quarterback responds quickly and spectacularly. He completes four passes, two of them to the exuberant Noel, and Vicksburg scores. But it is too little and too late. Another drive fizzles and Vicksburg loses 14-8, ending its season with six wins and three losses, one victory too few to be conference co-champions again.

Oddly, the basketball players, as Jensen calls them, take the final defeat the hardest. Schutter has his own personal failure and humiliation to handle. Noel and Cree are depressed.

The football lovers are less disturbed. That night Hunt, Dekker, Simmons and their girls gather with Jensen at Mary Wagner's house. I am invited along. They are drinking champagne, of which there is an excess because the planned victory celebration has been scrubbed. Nobody has a buzz on or is even trying to get that way. They are sipping, talking companionably and laughing, mostly at themselves. The tenor is that they played so awful there is no way they should have or could have won. The loss is not so much a disappointment as a practical joke played on them.

"Mostly, I ran straight up and slowly," says Jensen. "Those little dudes would knock me down, and they were almost apologizing, like they were doing something they shouldn't have."

"I tried to get a fight going on that last series," says Steve Hunt. "I was getting bored at getting beat, and I figured we might as well have some fun since it was all over. I gave some turkey a shove and said a couple of things. He just laughed at me and walked away. They weren't taking any chances. I don't blame them."

I am moved to say something.

"You know, I've been sitting here thinking," I say. "You guys have just entered a new class."

"What?"

"You are now ex-football players."

They stare at me.

"Cheer up," I say. "you'll have that for the rest of your lives."

END



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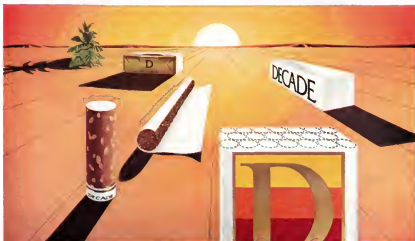
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## TRENCHANT WORDS FROM A TALKING HEAD

He is a comforting image on a Sunday afternoon between halves of a pro football game, the white-haired chap with the craggy face. He is alone on camera, working without TelePrompTer and definitely without interference from production-level executives at CBS-TV. He is relaxed and talking easily, in this case about Billy Kalmer, the battered mainstay of the Washington Redskins. "I think that I shall never see/A quarterback as tough as he," the announcer says. He goes on with the story. "A dark, rainy night on the Bayshore Highway, south of San Francisco. Falling asleep at the wheel, going off the road into a marsh, being lifted out of the wreck, his right leg almost severed above the ankle. Old Whiskey, you're quite a remarkable athlete."

As Jack Whitaker talks about Kalmer, the producer and director of his show are going bananas. Whitaker is what is called a Talking Head. Producers and directors abhor Talking Heads. They prefer blimp shots and sideline shots and, well, give us this day our daily blimp. All Whitaker does is talk and make sense.

When the 39-year-old filly Ruffian broke down and was destroyed in her 1975 match race, Whitaker said, "A false step here and the years of planning and breeding and training and loving came to an end. A horse with speed and stamina and heart. A horse, like the Bible says, whose neck is clothed in thunder."

There are those who insist that television is merely a thing to watch and not hear—what you see is what you get. This is an understandable attitude considering that so many folks on television talk a heap but truly say nothing. The self-assured Whitaker does say some important things about sport. Does anyone listen or remember?

Apparently a great many people do. The top brass at CBS, not as uptight as producers and directors about whether or not Whitaker works with preps, feel he can make a point in 1½ to 2 minutes and still set forth a thesis not found in the daily or weekly press. Whitaker gained industry-wide celebrity in 1966 when he referred to the gallery at the Masters as "a mob," drawing the wrath of the late Masters czar, Clifford Roberts, who requested that Whitaker not tread again on

those hallowed grounds. And Whitaker has spoken out against Trashsport, those produced-for-TV events, such as the Battle of the Sevens and the Demolition Derby, which bore him.

Whitaker started out from radio station WPAM in Pottsville, Pa. in 1947. The call letters stood for We Promote Anthracite Mining, and Whitaker's voice earned only as far as 250 watts could deliver it. He opened and closed the station every day. He had no broadcasting heroes, although he listened to and studied radio and television diligently. When he tried out for a sportswriting and broadcasting job at WCAU-TV in Philadelphia in 1950 he got it.

"I did the 9-10 a.m. slot," Whitaker says, "and it was a good market. But as those days how many people watched television?" I wrote all my own material, and when the six o'clock news went on I went on with it. Nobody knew that the 11 o'clock spot was really the best. I moved into that slot and started to say things. It turned out that the 11 o'clock was the place to be. New York called me late in life and I got that job. I was fired once and I quit once I got fired because the local station, WCBS, wanted to bring in Frank Gifford. But happily I was working for the CBS network at the time. I had started out at \$32.50 a week on radio, and I went to \$100 a week on television."

Nowadays, for considerably more money, Whitaker says and does pretty much what he wants to say and do on camera. Directors and producers will occasionally scream orders into Whitaker's earpiece (which is hard to imagine, given Whitaker's calm, unruffled manner), but he goes on saying exactly what he had intended to say. "Yes, I've heard that I'm called the Eric Sevareid of sport," he says, "and it flatters me somewhat. An essay might take shape in 20 minutes, or it might not be there at all after five hours. If you take a long look at sport there is a lot to say. I can say any-



THE YELLING IN HIS EAR DOESN'T DISTURB JACK WHITAKER

thing I want to say to 7 million people—but they are supposed to be interested in what I'm saying."

After covering as many major sports events as anyone on any network this side of Lindsey Nelson, Whitaker finds "a harsh reality about doing essays. It drains me at times, trying to come up with the right thing to say. CBS has not covered baseball for many years and the old rule-of-thumb was that if your network didn't do a sport you never mentioned it. I talk about baseball whenever I choose." (And basketball, too. After the recent Kareem Abdul-Jabbar slugging incident and its \$5,000 fine, an NBA record, Whitaker passed along the information that there were people who thought the punishment should have been more severe.) "Still, I know that I'm regarded as The Talking Head. I'd like to be exactly that and say something that people will remember or get excited about. I'd like to bring sports into the thinking process."

Obviously, Whitaker has done that much, and those who watch and listen—mostly listen—are becoming aware of the fact that he is quietly and forcefully giving new depth to television sports coverage. Next year Whitaker will be on the air more frequently than in the past, and if he can manage to hang in there as forcefully, he can become the medium's most influential voice in sports. Even if the voice is emerging from The Talking Head.

END

## Pags packs his bags

*In his farewell performance for Yale, Tailback John Pagliaro was more than a match for Harvard's multiflex, leading the Elis to the Ivy League championship*

On the morning of the Harvard-Yale game a handsome couple and their two children, decked out in full Harvard regalia, boarded a train for New Haven in New York's Grand Central Station. The little girl, who was about nine, screwed up her face and asked her father, "Daddy, what are Harvard and Yale, anyway?" Without a moment's hesitation, the man replied, "Harvard and Yale, honey, are two football teams."

Well, we all know what Harvard and Yale really are. True, they do have football teams, but, seriously now, Bunkie, let us keep things in perspective. This is the Ivy League.

Yet last week—Nobel Prizes, Cabinet posts and endowments aside for the moment—interest in what Harvards and Yales call The Game was more intense than it has been in years, "a manifesta-

tion of the general gradual throwback to the '50s," one Yale said. Yale, 5-1, had already clinched a share of the Ivy title with a 44-8 drubbing of Princeton the previous week, and a win would give the Elis their first undisputed championship since 1967, after having shared it four times in the past nine years. Harvard, at 4-2, was still in contention, along with Brown and Dartmouth.

Anti-Harvard banners hung all over the Yale campus, most running toward the obscene. On Friday night students packed Toad's Place on York Street to dance to a band called Elephant's Memory, while next door at hallowed Mory's Old Blues sang Whiffenpoof Song, downed beer from flagons and recalled how clever Walter Camp was to invent the line of scrimmage back in '80.

Like the disparate groups of fans, this

game would be one of contrasts. Harvard featured its exotic "multiflex offense"—a collection of plays and formations that would do any touch football outfit proud. "It really is simple," Coach Joe Restic said. "Multiple and flexible." Oh, Yale had a grind-it-out power offense, as befits a team coached by Carmen Cozza, a graduate (along with Am Paraghean, Bo Schembechler, et al.) of the Miami (Ohio) "Cradle of Coaches." Harvard would rely heavily on the passing of junior Quarterback Larry Brown, who the previous week had set single-game school records for passing yardage (349) and total offense (375) in a 34-15 win over Penn. Yale had an all-Italian running backfield of lefty Quarterback Bob Rizzo, a student of molecular biophysics and biochemistry—a discipline only slightly less complicated than the multiflex—runningrod Fullback Rick Angelone and the remarkable senior tailback, John Pagliaro.

As quietly as he goes about campus and downplays his personal achievements, Pagliaro went into the Harvard game as the nation's leading scorer (9.7 points per game) and seventh-best rusher (123.4 yards per game). He was also Yale's all-time scoring leader with 33 touchdowns and No. 2 career rusher. And, having gained 1,023 as a junior and 987 so far this season, he stood an excellent chance of becoming the only Yale runner to have back-to-back 1,000-yard seasons.

It would be enough to qualify Pagliaro for storybook status to point out that he grew up just 12 miles down the road in Derby, Conn. (literally "down the road," the Yale Bowl abutting Derby Avenue), a largely Italian-Irish industrial town of 12,000. The 5' 10", 190-pound Pagliaro was courted by some 75 schools, but with a lifelong dream of scoring touchdowns for Yale like his boyhood heroes Chuck Mercein, Calvin Hill and Duck Laron, not for a moment did he entertain notions of going anywhere else. "He is a combination of Albie Booth and Clint Frank, a scooter and a bouncer," says teammate Kevin Kelly, an offensive end and noted student of Yale football lore. Even Old Blues concur that "Pags" is the stuff of legend.

Handsome and soft-spoken as Pagliaro is, if they ever make the movie *Pagliaro* of Yale, somewhere in the film will be this line, authored by Yale's Sports Information Director Peter Easton: "To the

*continued*

Pagliaro's 172 yards rushing against Harvard put him over 1,000 for the second consecutive season



# "Recreation is a great restorer. It's the turnoff that turns you on"

Shana Alexander



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(Writer, editor, and commentator, Shana Alexander is one of America's foremost journalists. She is currently appearing weekly on "60 Minutes" and preparing a book on Patty Hearst and American Society, to be published by Viking-Penguin.)

**Q.** Meaning?

**A.** Meaning when the work starts to drag, drop it. Turn off the struggle. Play tennis, ride a bike, go for a sail. You come back fresh and the work is suddenly easier.

**Q.** If you can't get to a tennis court on a sailboat?

**A.** Go for a walk. Throw a ball against a wall. Change. Use different muscles, turn on new energies, let the old ones rest for a while.

**Q.** Wouldn't it be easier to lie down and let everything rest?

**A.** No. When everything rests, everything sags. Recreation is a better restorer than rest because it's a bigger change. Your mind is completely off the struggle and into the tennis game. Meanwhile your unconscious is solving your problems. It's uncanny, but it works every time.

**Q.** What do you say to people who use daytime TV as recreation?

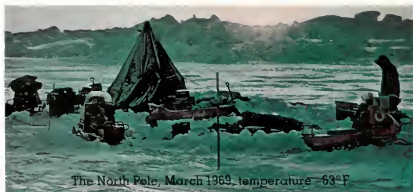
**A.** I say arise, borrow your child's bike and go for a ride. You'll come back feeling exhilarated, a pound lighter, legs firmer, and you'll like yourself better.

**Q.** What about you? Why do you sail?

**A.** It's the opposite of what I do the rest of the time — sit at a desk and write. There is no greater change. Physically and spiritually, it's a change of elements. There's no machinery, no sound but the waves and birds, no smell but the water and wind. It transports you to a simpler time. It is a beautiful and refreshing thing to do.

This is one in a series of messages brought to you by AMF. We make Vort Balls, Head Skis, Tennis Rackets and Sports Wear, Skamper Trailers, Roadmaster Bicycles, AMF Bowling Products, Sledcraft Boats, Sunfish Sailboats, Hatteras Yachts, Crestliner Boats, Ben Hogan Golf Equipment, Harley-Davidson Motorcycles and Golf Carts.





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folks in Derby, John was a hero. He was going to go to Yale and become an even bigger hero and, by God, he has."

To accommodate the folks in Derby—Defensive Tackle Bob Skoronski and punter/punt returner Mike Sullivan also have ties to the town—Yale opened up a ticket outlet at the Housatonic Lumber Co. there. Pagliaro and his father, a postal worker, shelled out more than \$600 so relatives and friends and the quarter-beer drinkers at "Uncle Anthony's" Stork's Tavern could see The Game.

On a bright, crisp and windless Saturday, 64,685 fans were in the Bowl for the 94th renewal. Yale mounted the first drive, a workmanlike 60-yard attack, with ballcarrying duties spread around to keep the Harvard defense from keying on Pagliaro. When the Elis stalled, Dave Schwartz, a starting forward on the soccer team, booted a 22-yard field goal.

Then Harvard's multiflex began to whirl from its own 38. Sometimes backs would line up as ends, sometimes 10 men would be on the line. The Crimson ran from single, double and triple wings. They used cross backs, traps and options. There were so many men in motion they appeared to be square dancing. On the first play of the second quarter Brown passed 14 yards to Tight End Paul Sablock for a touchdown and Gary Bosnic's conversion made it 7-3 Harvard.

Yale came back with another power drive, this time answering the day's biggest question: Can Harvard stop Pagliaro? The Elis went 54 yards on nine running plays, five of them by Pagliaro, including a 13-yarder on a quick burst up the middle and a lightning cut to the right sideline. Angelone scored the touchdown from the five, through a hole made possible by a perfect fake to Pagliaro, and Yale led 10-7.

Meanwhile, the Yale defense came to grips with the multiflex, shifting move for move with the Crimson. Restic even tried putting his quarterback in motion, with the snap going directly to the tailback, who happened to be Brian Buckley, a second-string quarterback. One time Buckley threw a pass intended for Brown—quarterback to quarterback. No matter. Turnovers would stop Harvard's last two threatening drives.

This was Derby Day at the Bowl. Pagliaro had already surpassed 100 yards for the fifth straight game by the fourth quarter, but with the score still 10-7, Rizzo

was sacked on his own 35 on third down. Sullivan went back to punt and got a bad snap and a fierce rush. He lit out for the sideline and streaked by the first-down marker and the Harvard defense 65 yards for a touchdown. The Derby crowd had more than it bargained for, and Pagliaro was yet to make a curtain call.

The final Yale drive was all his: Pagliaro of Yale, last reel. He carried on nine of the 13 plays, plunging, spinning, slashing, twisting—five and six yards at a clip—and finally leaping, not diving, over the Harvard line from the two, ball held aloft, for the final touchdown of the game and his career. Yale 24-7.

He was so overjoyed he threw the ball up in the air and into the stands, costing Yale a 15-yard penalty for unsportsmanlike conduct. Unsportsmanlike conduct? Unnecessary exuberance is more like it. Pagliaro had gained 172 yards on 30 carries, thereby finishing the season with 1,159 yards, another Yale record, but still 471 yards shy of Jauro's career record.

In the jubilant locker room, Pagliaro, as usual, refused to put personal triumphs ahead of the team's, ahead of Yale's. "Heroes reside in people's minds," he said between sips of champagne, puffs of a cigar, embraces with teammates and choruses of "Bull dog! Bull dog! Bow, wow, wow."

"This is why I've always loved the Ivies," he said, puffing and drinking. "We don't need national championships. Just joy... and cigars and champagne."

## THE WEEK

by HERMAN WEISKOPF

**WEST** "To beat USC we must play near errorless ball," said Washington Coach Don James. "We must force some turnovers, and the defense must have a super game." So the Huskies pounced on three Trojan fumbles, intercepted three passes, blocked two punts and held the Pac 8's leading offensive team to 337 yards, 132 below its average. For some offense, Warren Moon passed 19 yards for one touchdown, ran two yards for another and 71 more for a third as Washington won at home 28-10. Three Pac 8 teams have a shot at a Rose Bowl berth, with the Huskies being able to sew it up if they beat Washington State in the season finale and USC stops UCLA.

UCLA remained tied with the Huskies for first place at 5-1 by beating Oregon State 48-18. With Rick Bashore having suffered a

fractured rib and collapsed lung the previous week, Steve Bulchik took over at quarterback for the Bruins and completed 10 of 15 passes for 140 yards and one touchdown.

Gary Graumann, a walk-on, got his first start for California and hit on 14 of 24 passes for 195 yards and one touchdown to trim Oregon 48-16. Stanford beat San Jose State 31-26 in a non-conference game as Darrin Nelson rushed for 211 yards. Washington State drubbed independent Idaho 45-17.

Coach Ben Martin, who will retire after this season—his 20th at Air Force—savored a 34-28 win over Vanderbilt.

### 1. UCLA (7-3)

### 2. ARIZONA ST (8-1) 3. WASHINGTON (6-4)

**SOUTH** "Clemson is just a little less than a side of heaven," bragged a Tiger enthusiast. Alas for the upset-minded Tigers, being on the other side of the line from Jerome Heavens, not to mention Vagas Ferguson and Joe Montana, resulted in a loss to Notre Dame. The Irish scrambled back from a 17-7 fourth-period deficit to beat Clemson 21-17. Quarterback Steve Fuller, who hit on 13 of 20 passes for 185 yards and ran for another 51 yards, was mainly responsible for the Tigers' lead. Fuller's 10-yard run and a two-yard sweep by Lester Brown were only the second and third rushing touchdowns against Notre Dame this season. Then the Irish capitalized on turnovers as Heavens gained 63 yards and Ferguson 75 and Montana scored on two short runs.

North Carolina clinched at least a share of the Atlantic Coast Conference title by downing Virginia 35-14. The game was scoreless until Amos Lawrence of the Tar Heels scored on a six-yard run 44 seconds before halftime.

Thirty-two points were scored in 4:58 of the third quarter, 18 by Duke and 14 by North Carolina State, and Quarterback Mike Dunn set a Blue Devil total-offense mark by accounting for 344 yards. But despite Duke's surge and Dunn's feats, the Wolfpack came out on top 37-32. Maryland built a 17-point lead, got 171 yards rushing from George Scott and hung on to defeat Richmond 27-24 in a non-conference tussle. South Carolina overcame Wake Forest 24-14.

"I thought we had some class, but after the way we stumbled around I don't know," complained Alabama Coach Bear Bryant. "They whipped us all over the place." The classless, stumbling and whipped Tide nevertheless managed to down Miami 36-0 in a non-conference game. Alabama outdid the Hurricanes in first downs (23 to eight), in rushing (307 yards to 146) and in passing (165 yards to 26). "Yeah, but we didn't have any long drives," lamented Bryant. "Great teams have a couple or more in every game."

Kentucky had a long drive and continued its third-quarter domination as Derrick Ramsey directed a 77-yard march and scored on

*continued*

a fourth-down drive from the one for a 14-7 win at Florida. Ramsey's touchdown and two-point conversion run put the Wildcats, who had trailed 7-6, in front in the Southeastern Conference conflict. Kentucky has outscored opponents 85-7 in the third period this year.

Eight Tennessee fumbles (five lost) and 433 yards rushing by Mississippi led to a 43-14 Rebel triumph. LSU fought off Mississippi State 27-24 as Mike Conway booted a 28-yard field goal with 2:40 remaining. Auburn slugged Georgia 33-14.

In a battle of independents, Florida State crushed Memphis State 30-9, giving up just 60 yards rushing and throwing Tiger backs for losses 15 times. Twice-titled Louisiana Tech, the Southland Conference champion, remained unbeaten by stopping independent Southern Mississippi 28-10. During a 21-17 Oyster Bowl upset of East Carolina, William & Mary came up with a pearl—Tom Rozant, who passed for two touchdowns and ran for a third, despite being tackled by 65-year-old Jan Johnson, a former East Carolina University football coach, at the two. "I hit him low," said Johnson. "I hit him a good one. It was a crazy thing. But Rozant didn't score, I'll swear to that. My wife was really upset with me."

VMI strengthened its grip on the Southern Conference lead by holding off Furman 31-28. After the Keydets' lead had been sliced from 24-0 to 24-21, Robby Clark lofted a 55-yard pass to Johnny Garnett, who went another 29 yards with it for VMI's clinching touchdown.

#### 1. ALABAMA (9-1)

#### 2. KENTUCKY (9-1) 3. FLORIDA STATE (8-1)

**SOUTHWEST** Three quarterbacks—one a fourth-stringer, another heavily bandaged and the third flattened on a critical play—were instrumental in Southwest Conference victories. With Randy McEachern out with a strained knee, Texas had to resort to a fourth-stringer, freshman Sam Ansley, against TCU. Ansley teamed up with Johnny (Lam) Jones on scoring passes of 66 and 10 yards and added another six points with a two-yard sprint as the Longhorns romped 44-14. Texas' other Jones boy, Johnny (Ham), ran 12 times for 108 yards, including a 66-yard scoring punt. Earl Campbell scored twice, gained 153 yards in 21 carries and became the fifth player in NCAA history to amass 4,000 career yards rushing.

Rodney Allison, with foam padding on the left leg he broke in September, passed for two touchdowns and ran six yards for another as Texas Tech beat SMU 45-7. Billy Taylor of the Red Raiders ran for two more touchdowns and 127 yards.

With 1:41 to go and the score 20-20 at Texas A&M, Arkansas Quarterback Ron Calcagni unfurled a long pass and promptly was creamed by Aggie End Jacob Green. The

deeked Calcagni had no idea if Bruce Farrell had caught the pass but while lying on the ground he was hugged by teammate Ben Cowins and "knew something good had happened." That 58-yard scoring bomb put the Razorbacks in front 26-20, where they stayed, thanks to an end-zone interception by Pat Martin on the game's final play. Aggie Fullback George Woodward, who had dieted off 20 pounds in two weeks, unleashed his remaining 266 pounds for 116 yards, and Curtis Dickey added 101 more in a losing cause.

Baylor held Rice to three first downs in the first half, intercepted four passes and sent the Owls to their ninth loss, 24-14.

#### 1. TEXAS (9-0)

#### 2. ARKANSAS (8-1) 3. TEXAS A&M (6-2)

**MIDWEST** The symbolism was only too obvious as Sooner Coach Barry Switzer showed up at a press conference with an orange in each hand after Oklahoma had rushed for 430 yards and destroyed Colorado 52-14. That assured Oklahoma of at least a share of the Big Eight title and set up a Nov. 25 showdown with Nebraska to see who will wind up with the Orange Bowl bid. When Fullback Kenny King was not busy piling up 121 yards in 18 carries, Quarterback Thomas Lost was gaining 83 yards in 11 tries and passing 28 yards for a touchdown, and Halfback Billy Sims was scoring on half of his six runs.

Nebraska also scored 52 points and set a school record by rushing for 550 yards. When Nebraska's 52-7 rout of Kansas was over, three 1-backs had accumulated 397 yards. L. M. Higg got 200 yards in 23 carries; Rick Berns added 107 in eight trips, three of them touchdown runs of 63, 10 and five yards, and 5' 7", 175-pound Tim Wirth logged the ball 13 times for 90 yards.

Even though Missouri Quarterback Pete Woods had undergone surgery on a broken finger and did not play and although Oklahoma State's Terry Miller ran for a school-record 246 yards in 38 attempts, the Tigers beat Oklahoma State 41-14. Miller's two touchdowns had given the Cowboys a 14-10 lead going into the fourth quarter, but then the Tigers scored 31 points. Iowa State kept its bowl hopes alive with a 22-15 triumph at Kansas State in which Tailback Dexter Green gained 135 yards. Wildcat Coach Ellis Ramsberger announced his resignation before the game amid charges that his staff had misrepresented the identity of two players who had been in a junior varsity contest earlier in the week.

There was lots of unusual running in the Big Ten. Ohio State ran around the goalposts, Michigan proved it could keep its footing on real live grass and Minnesota's Kent Kitzmann ran and ran and ran and ran. "Because his players have been notoriously slow starters" and because they were tied 7-7 with

Indiana, Coach Woody Hayes had his Buckeyes loosen up by running around the goalposts before the second half. Warmed up, the Buckeyes spent the rest of the game running into the Hoosier end zone. Ohio State's 35-7 romp was built around Jeff Logan's 148 yards rushing. Michigan, whose only three losses in the past two seasons have come on grass, returned to Purdue, where it was upset last year 16-14. This time the Wolverines were up the grass in a 40-7 win as Russell Davis rumbled for 167 yards. They also limited Purdue's Mark Herrmann to 10 completions in 22 attempts for 74 yards, intercepted him three times and sacked him for a safety. Kitzmann, a sophomore fullback who had carried only 54 times for 227 yards all season, surpassed both totals as Minnesota blanked Illinois 21-0. What Kitzmann did was pass 266 yards and score all three Gopher touchdowns as he set an NCAA record by lugging the ball 57 times.

Two fumble recoveries, a blocked punt and an interception—all by Safety Rod Seay—helped Iowa win 24-8 over Wisconsin, whose coach, John Jardine, announced he will retire at the season's end. Winless Northwestern lost 44-3 to Michigan State.

Miami of Ohio, with Jeff Feicht running for 135 yards and two touchdowns, stopped Kent State 25-0 and earned the Mid-American Conference title. Austin Peay's 24-21 defeat of Tennessee Tech moved the Governors to the top of the Ohio Valley Conference. Taking over first place in the Missouri Valley was Wichita State, a 41-14 victor over Indiana State as Jim Andrus threw five TD passes. Senior Vince Allen of Indiana State picked up 143 yards rushing, his 26th game of 100 or more yards, to bring his career yardage to 4,207.

Tom Stine, a junior at Central Methodist (Mo.), who the week before had set an NAIA mark by passing for 571 yards, eclipsed that record by five yards during a 49-32 victory over Tarkio. Stine completed 36 of 65 passes, six of them for touchdowns.

#### 1. OKLAHOMA (9-1)

#### 2. OHIO STATE (9-1) 3. MICHIGAN (9-1)

**EAST** It's hard to be better than last year but we do a lot more difficult things. We mix things up." So said Pitt Coach Jackie Sherrill, whose Panthers poured through Army with four touchdowns in 1:45 of the second quarter, a 38-0 halftime lead and a 52-26 final score as 61 Panther players saw action. Quarterback Matt Cavanaugh threw for touchdowns of 38, 21 and 19 yards, and Gordon Jones, a split end and kick returner, had four receptions, ran back a kick-off 93 yards for a score and set up another with a 54-yard punt return.

"A couple of times I thought he was going to smoke a cigarette back there," said Temple Quarterback Pat Carey of his Penn State

continued

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counterpart, Chuck Fusina. With plenty of time to set up, Fusina ignited the Navy Lion offense by completing 12 of 22 passes for 249 yards and smoked the Owl 44-7. Three of Fusina's tosses went for touchdowns, two of them being hauled in by flanker Jimmy Cefalo, who also scored on a nine-yard reverse.

Colgate had to labor to earn a 48-39 win over Northeastern, whose Allen Deary passed for 237 yards. But with Henry White scoring from far out (97 yards on a kickoff return and 67 yards on a pass from Bob Relph) and with Pat Healy rushing for 131 yards and scoring from close in (four- and one-yard runs), the Red Raiders remained undefeated.

Quarterback Bill Hurley pulled off an unusual non-play—Rush-to-the-Hospital-and-

### PLAYERS OF THE WEEK

**OFFENSE:** Tailback Famous Amos Lawrence, a 5'9", 180-pounder, broke Tony Derwent's NCAA record for freshmen by rushing for 286 yards and two TDs in 35 carries as North Carolina knocked off Virginia 35-14.

**DEFENSE:** Linebacker Mike Jackson, a 6'1", 215-pound junior, intercepted two passes and batted down a third, recovered one fumble and provoked another, and made 12 tackles as Washington downed USC 28-10.

**Back-into-the-Game**—as he helped Syracuse beat Boston College 20-3. After hooking up with Art Monk on a 28-yard TD pass, Hurley injured his right arm. X rays were negative so he came back to gun on a positive performance, finishing with six completions in 10 passes and 85 yards rushing.

Productive ground games also enabled Rutgers, West Virginia and Navy to win. Tulane's Green Wave was broken 47-8 by the Scarlet Knights, who gained 527 yards, 485 on the ground. Mark Lanster of Rutgers ran for 137 yards and scored twice. A 12-yard scoring run by freshman Robert Alexander, who notched his first 100-yard game, gave the Mountaineers a 20-14 verdict over Virginia Tech. Joe Gattuso helped the Middles topple Georgia Tech by rushing for 147 yards to set a school single-season record of 1,167 yards.

While Yale locked up the Ivy title, Penn beat Dartmouth 7-3 in the last game for retiring Big Green Coach Jake Crousham. That left both teams tied with Harvard for third place. Princeton walloped Cornell 34-0 and Brown stopped Columbia 21-14.

Massachusetts clinched the Yankee Conference championship with a 19-6 victory over New Hampshire, last year's tulist. In another New England contest, Norwich was a 34-20 winner over previously unbeaten Middlebury in a Division III matchup.

1. PENN STATE (9-1)

2. PITTSBURGH (8-1-1) 3. COLGATE (10-0)

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## Taking a thrashing—and giving one

*Betty Cook, a 54-year-old grandmother, gunned her Scarab through tumultuous seas off Key West to win the world offshore powerboat championship by 16 miles*

Through all its tangled and uncertain years the city of Key West has tried to be a perfect host to all kinds of people: octogenarians and libertarians; politicians and political refugees; tycoons and drifters; butchers, bakers and cigar makers. Despite its record of largesse, there has always been a tinge of deceit about Key West. The town has long boasted that it is frost-free in winter and always cooled by ocean breezes. Frost-free it is and perhaps ever shall be, but oh, those breezes. Instead of simply cooling the town, occasionally they almost knock it out cold, particularly when they get a running start out in the mid-Atlantic and are traveling at hurricane speed when they lift beach chairs into the air all over the island.

Of all the varied folk who have been exposed to an excess of wind in Key West in the last three years, the offshore powerboat crews who assemble annually for a race in November have had the worst of it. Two years ago, 24 hours after the U.S. Weather Service had forecast two days of bonny weather, the offshore racing men were busting along through 40-knot squalls and 10-foot seas, breaking bones, bruising egos and severely denting their bankrolls. Again last year the weather bottled them, forcing officials to shorten the course to 114 statute miles—60 less than the minimum required for world championship points. Although earning points for the national title was incentive enough for almost every driver, they were still a suffering lot. Even on the shortened course that used the most protected waters, the drivers had the better part of 15 miles in 10-foot seas.

Last week the first real cold front of winter reached down across the Florida panhandle and stalled around St. Petersburg, waiting for race day in Key West. On the eve of race day the front moved into town. By starting time last Saturday, the wind at the Dry Tortugas, where the full-length race course of 183 miles turns back for home, was over 25 knots and the seas 12 feet. Of the nine drivers

on hand to compete for the 1977 offshore world title in Class 1 (boats with a maximum displacement of 1,000 cubic inches), the happiest under the circumstances was Joel Halpern, the U.S. national champion. Two years ago in the Key West race—his debut in the high-powered open class—Halpern was second to the 1975 world champion, Wally Franz of Brazil. His boat was *Beep Beep*, a novel, very deep-V hull of narrow beam. In the same craft in the sloppy seas at Key West last year, he was again second to the world champion, Tom

Gentry of Hawaii. This year he had a new *Beep Beep*, identical in configuration to the one in which he had chased world champions, won two national titles and earned the reputation as the very best of rough-water men. When last week's race was postponed from Saturday to Sunday, Halpern merely shrugged off the delay. "The boat is ready, the crew is ready, so all we can do is sit around and get nervous."

Because the Sunday forecast was for continuing high seas, Michael Duxford of England, the European offshore cham-



Pounding through 10-foot waves at 54.9 mph, Cook was battered like her foes, but a buoyant victor.



pion, was particularly downcast. The 35-foot Cigarette hull, *Limit Up*, in which he had won most of his glory in the past year, had been badly bashed in rough water in the last race of the European circuit. A dock strike had prevented the Cigarette from getting back to its home plant in Miami in time for repairs. As a consequence, Doxford was faced with the prospect of taking on Key West's short, steep swells in a tunnel catamaran, also called *Limit Up*, which appeared to have as much chance as a leak raft in the anticipated conditions. On Saturday, after the postponement was announced, and while the wind was still building whitecaps on the shoals and blowing the wigs off some of the dolles on the streets of Key West, Halpern helpfully suggested to his English rival that he put a steering wheel in both the port and starboard hulls of the catamaran. The theory was that if the boat broke apart in the rough going, Doxford in one hull and navigator Tim Powell in the other would be able to complete the course separately.

Until this year the Key West offshore race served as a beginning and an end. It was the first race that counted for national title points in the upcoming year and the last race that counted for world championship points in the current year. There were about 20 races on five continents where world points could be earned, with drivers counting only their six or seven best performances regardless of how many races they had entered. Because some driver had usually locked up the world title well before November, the Key West race became a meaningless international event.

Two years ago, when he was president of the American Power Boat Association, Bob Nordskog, a 64-year-old Californian, proposed a different world title format to the International Motorboating Union. With a mind to giving world competition the sort of uncomplicated pizzazz that might attract the unknowing public as well as cut the extreme cost of worldwide campaigning, Nordskog suggested that continental competitions be held, open to all comers, and that the three drivers with the best record on each continent meet in one race for the title. The idea was accepted and Key West was chosen as the first venue under the new system.

In any game so freakishly ridden with bad luck, a single race is a very shaky

way to pick a world champ. But in defense of Nordskog's idea, not many drivers liked the old system. In the past, before the world circuit was half completed, the competition often had been reduced to a scrap between a pair of drivers—American, English or Italian—who had the talent, money, equipment and time to chase each other around the world in quest of the title. Don Aronow, the boat-builder, is the only American who ever tried seriously (and with success) to win both the U.S. and world titles the same year, and because Aronow has been a powerboat builder most of his life, his campaigning could hardly be said to have cut into his breadwinning. In contrast, Dr. Bob Magoon, the only man to win three consecutive U.S. titles, could never afford the time away from his surgery to campaign abroad.

For better or worse, it became "winner take all" at Key West. Although there are only three Class I boats operating in Australia, Peter Dean of Melbourne and Arnold Glass of Sydney (who failed this year to even finish a race Down Under) were undismayed at the prospect of meeting four Yanks, an Englishman and two Italians who had been scrapping hard through a long season to earn their berths. Nordskog, who had gone to South America to qualify in an attempt to stimulate competition down there, rated himself a doubtful winner because his new, light Kevlar hull was not proving as tractable as he liked in rough water.

On the eve of the race, Joe Ippolito, the rookie who had placed second to Halpern on the U.S. circuit, also became an unlikely choice as winner. His crewmen, Richie Powers and Bob Beich, had toiled more than 100 hours a week for a month trying to get a new 38-foot, lightweight Scarab hull completed, but failed. Beich passing out from exhaustion two days before the race. As a consequence, Ippolito took off for the starting line in a 35-footer that would not reach across the steep crests as well as the Scarab. Betty Cook, the only grandmother in the game, who finished third on the U.S. circuit driving a Scarab similar to the one Ippolito wanted to use, seemed to have as good a chance as anybody. Although the two Italians, Guido Niccolai and Francesco Cosentino, were somewhat doubtful about how they and their English-designed, Italian-built aluminum boats would behave in steep seas, Jack Stute-

ville, the U.S. throttleman for Niccolai, exuded confidence as readily as he did tobacco juice. "In six- to 10-foot water," he said between spits, "all these big hulls are going to be about the same. It'll get down to who has the most hair on his chest."

Although he has vast experience in offshore racing, Stuteville turned out to be dead wrong. On a shortened, 127-mile course the rough-and-tumble waters, which Stuteville had maintained would be an equalizer, brought a different kind of grief to almost every boat, and the world title went not to the hairiest man but to Betty Cook. In Kaama she thumped over the rock-hard water at an average of 54.9 mph, beating her nearest rival, Halpern, who had trim-control problems through much of the race, by 16 miles.

Dean, the Melbourneite, was the first to take a bad lick from the sea. Just two miles after the start, he swapped ends, damaging his steering linkage so badly he was compelled to run the rest of the way at an average speed of 38 mph, using his trim tabs for control. Shortly thereafter Glass, the Sydneysite, quit, having hit a reef and busted an outdrive. Doxford in his ill-suited tunnel hull was the next to retire, forced out when the connecting rod tore loose from one of his widely separated outdrives.

The two Italian hulls, all-purpose wonders though they may be, behaved poorly in the skittery conditions. After leaping erratically from one seven-foot crest to the next, they would suddenly plow into a stray 10-footer and rocket skyward as if moon bound. Twenty-five miles from the start Cosentino withdrew with a badly gashed face. Feeling ill, Niccolai instructed Stuteville to complete the course at an easier pace. When his light and bouncy Kevlar hull proved as unsuited for the course as he suspected it might, Nordskog also backed off, satisfied to finish. After a two-foot crack opened in his little secondhand hull in the first 15 miles, Ippolito carried on, lead-footing it for another 15, until a fuel tank ruptured.

It was not carnage—just one of those days with enough major disasters for everybody except Betty Cook, who in the last 50 miles was the only one still traveling at a champion's pace. Savoring the sweetest victory of her two-year career, Cook observed, "I have always said Key West is the worst course we run, but I think I could learn to love it." END

## A thriller for the downhillers

*Adding snaking turns to straightaways gave a hairy new twist to the sport*

From the start it was generally agreed that skateboard racing was an activity with all the moves. What it lacked was a sense of, well, direction. But now that the effects of the first annual Catalina Classic have spread throughout the sport, its advocates feel they have the one event that will attract attention like nothing has before. The event is called downhill racing.

Professional skateboard racing has been rolling along for two years now, and while there had been a handful of downhill races, they had not been notably successful. The courses were mostly straightaways, which made a race thrilling for the racer because of the speed but boring for the spectator because the skateboards didn't seem to be doing anything. They might as well have called it the downhill plummet. But the contest on Santa Catalina Island a few weeks ago offered some twists. The course was laid out on a 250-meter stretch down one of hilly Avalon's steepest streets, that has about a 34 degree-or-so pitch. It included two 135-degree turns—back to back, no less—followed by a fast sweeper to the left and a pylon-marked, snaking run to the finish. The downhill fascinated the spectators who had fanned over from the mainland and generally convinced folks that the sport can get organized now that it has something strong to organize around.

Exactly the sentiment of a gentleman named Peter Camann, who took his five years of experience as an organizer of

ski races and formed a small production company called Another Roadside Attraction, after the Tom Robbins novel of the same name. Last summer Another Roadside Attraction promoted five professional skateboard races in Colorado, three of them downhill of the lei'er-rip category—that is, without curves. When Southern California promoter H. Allan Seymour II convinced the Avalon City Council that its Marilla Avenue should be the birthplace of the new style of downhill skateboard racing, he hired Camann to organize the event.

To the surprise of most spectators, the racers weren't all kids. In fact, the top three were 23, 25 and 26 years old, and two of them do nothing but race skateboards for a living. John Hutson, 23, the winner, allowed that "When I tell people I'm a professional skateboard racer, they think I'm kidding. But I take this very seriously." Hutson has been riding skateboards since he was 11 and makes about \$15,000 a year with the Santa Cruz skateboard factory team. During the racing season he trains two or three hours a day—mostly riding but also lifting weights and swimming (he attended the University of Hawaii on a swimming scholarship). By winning the Catalina Classic, Hutson completed a sweep of the year's races.

Things would not have rolled so smoothly for Hutson this year if he had had to contend with Bob Skoldberg, 25, another 12-year veteran of skateboarding, who had won all the races the previous year. But Skoldberg had spent the summer making a promotional tour through Europe for Hobie skateboards. He flew in to Catalina from Germany just for the Classic and returned the following Monday to finish the tour, with demonstration stops in London, Paris and Switzerland.

There is a sign at the top of the hill on Marilla Avenue that says DANGER WALK BIKES DOWN HILL. Obviously, it was put there in the pre-skateboard era. The downhill course started at the top of the street with the double-hairpin turn. On the outside of the first hairpin there is a weather-beaten white wooden fence, with a cliff on the other side. On the outside of the second hairpin there is a stone wall, which for the race was cushioned



*Chasing his shadow to victory, downhill champion John Hutson made it a clean sweep for the season*

*continued*

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by hay bales. The good skaters used all of the road, like Formula 1 race car drivers, and at times their urethane wheels actually drifted on the pavement. Their ankles nearly scraped the curb on the outside of the first hairpin, and they accelerated into the second hairpin—whether they liked it or not. As they drifted out of that turn, wheels chattering, their backsides and elbows brushed the hay bales. Then the course straightens and levels slightly, and the skaters crouched into a tuck, in which their heads were down and their fannies up. It is a position that allows for little maneuvering of the board but the tuck is necessary to reduce wind resistance and increase speed. Then the skaters straightened a bit and powered their boards through the pylons, crisscrossing the street at about 25 mph to the electronic timing lights at the finish line.

Skateboarders talk a lot about "get-off speed," which is simply the speed at which the skater can get off the board and run. If the skateboard is traveling below that speed, losing balance and stepping off the board without falling is easy enough; above that speed, however, stepping off is sort of like jumping from a moving train. On Marilla Avenue, the get-off speed was reached at just about the point where the stone wall began.

Stone walls and get-off speeds notwithstanding, injuries more serious than raspberries are rare among racers. The fully protected racer will wear high-top sneakers, ankle pads, fiber-glass knee and elbow pads, shorts with a leather crotch and hipbone, tailbone and pelvic bone pads, wrist braces, leather gloves and a helmet. Some even wear motorcycle racing leathers.

Marilla Avenue was lined with 2,500 people—kids and adults, tourists and locals—crowding the curbs and looking down from wooden balconies of colorful old buildings like the Hermosa Hotel. Some of the spectators bore badges of their skateboarding enthusiasm: charcoal-colored smudges on their hips and bellies and shoulders, like red dirt on a base stealer's uniform, the result of brushes with the ground. Said one grandmother, a lifelong resident of Catalina, "When we were kids we used to think it was so thrilling and dangerous merely to ride our wagons down this hill. But this is really something. I just called my daughter in Utah and said, 'You're not go-



Before jet lag got to him, runner up Bob Skoldberg yipped through the turns in the Catalina race.

ing to believe what's going on here."

When the racing began, Skoldberg crashed heavily on one of his warmup runs—he had arrived in Catalina from Germany late the night before and he had missed the day of practice and qualifying. But on his second of three official runs (the two best count) he had the fastest time of the day, 26.969 seconds. That moved him into second place going into the final run, behind Jamie Hart, a 26-year-old truck-parts dealer who practices on a 3.1-mile stretch of highway on Donner Summit near Lake Tahoe—at speeds of 40 mph. Hutson, the favorite, was third, but less than .08 of a second separated the three.

In the final run Skoldberg's fatigue got the best of him, and a relatively slow time knocked him out of contention. Hart's final run was also slower than his first two, but only slightly. Now the pressure was on Hutson, and in the last run of the contest, against an uphill breeze, he responded by clocking his best time, 27.042, to beat Hart by .265 of a second. Hart summed up the feelings of most of the racers when he said, simply, "Now, this is really the way downhill racing should be done."

The Classic also offered a slalom race for both men and women, an event less exciting than the downhill but impressive in its own way. Hutson just missed a double for the weekend when he was edged by .091 of a second in the finals by Bob Piercy, a former slalom skier. "Skateboarding is almost identical to skiing if you keep your feet parallel on the board," says Piercy. "You use the same muscles that you use in skiing, you use the same principles in carving turns and following the fall line, you even use the same mental approach."

As the sun set over the island's peaks and the whizzing sound of urethane wheels rolling over the cement streets echoed through Avalon, Seymour hiked up Marilla Avenue, stood at the top of the hill and watched in satisfaction as the last ferry of the day steamed away toward the mainland. Then he smiled and said, "They said I was nuts, that a downhill race like this would never work, let alone one on an island, but I never had any doubts." The smile spread into a broad grin. "I already know I'm not normal, and this confirms that at least there are a lot of people out there just about as nuts as I am."

END

## Settling down in Texas

*The McFaddin Ranch may not be the biggest spread around, but each year it finds room for 600,000 clamorous visitors—geese that drop in for the winter*

Asking a rancher how many head of cattle he runs is like asking a woman her age: you are not likely to get an answer, or a smile. Questions about acreage, especially in South Texas, fall into the same category. If you get an answer at all, it is not apt to be a straight one.

Consider, for example, the McFaddin Ranch near Victoria, 120 miles southeast of San Antonio. According to Jess Womack, a fourth-generation member of the family that owns it, the McFaddin is smaller than the King Ranch and bigger than the LBJ. Because the size of the King is estimated at between 960,000 and 1,145,000 acres and the Johnson Ranch is a modest 438 acres, such information is less than enlightening. Outsiders familiar with the McFaddin Ranch are more helpful. They guess its size to be

about 50,000 acres, give or take a few thousand, and although none is certain exactly how big it is, all agree that some of the best bird hunting in Texas is to be found there.

Every year hundreds of thousands of geese and ducks winter on the ranch, fattening themselves in fields of oats and stubble before beginning the long flight north in February. In late afternoon, vast concentrations of snows, blues and Canvasbacks stretch to the distant horizons, blanketing the fields and filling the air with their chatter. When disturbed by a skunk or a dog or the occasional human who might wander into their rich reserve, they rise as one, forming a huge dark cloud that undulates over the countryside, before they settle again on the fields.

Sprigs, gadwalls and green-winged teal

raft in comparable profusion on the Guadalupe and San Antonio rivers, which come together on the property. Thousands of mallards and mergansers feed and rest in its bays and on its scattered swamps and ponds and water holes. At times the marshes are carpeted with wildfowl, a seemingly endless expanse of birds bobbing among the grasses.

But ducks and geese are not the only birds to quicken a hunter's pulse on the McFaddin Ranch. There are wild turkeys, prairie chickens, mourning doves and bobwhite quail. The quail are the pride and perpetual project of C. Kerry McCan, 47, the ranch's present manager and a great-grandson of its founder. For years McCan has been setting aside special quail cover—fenced eight-to-20-foot-square patches of land in which are piled railroad ties. Protected by the fences from grazing cattle, the natural grasses and range plants grow thick and tall, providing habitat, food and, along with the ties, protection for the birds. Sixty or 70 such patches are scattered throughout the ranch and more are added each year. They have helped foster an abundance of bobwhite that rivals any on the leg-

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STANDARD: Strong unified body.	STANDARD: "Smart Switch."				

3-Door Chevette Hatchback

# '78 Chevette. A lot more car for a lot less money.\*

Amazing. More for less. For 1978, we added a list of new standard features to the 2-Door Chevette Hatchback and still kept the price below last year's Chevette with the same equipment. Chevette's major standard features—many new for '78—are shown above.

All things considered, the new '78 2-Door Chevette

Hatchback is considerably more car, at a very considerable value.

\*\*Some early production Chevettes in dealer inventory won't have reclining seats. The suggested base price will be reduced accordingly.

\*Comparison of manufacturer's suggested retail

prices for '78 2-Door Chevette Hatchback with what the '77 2-Door Hatchback would have cost with the same equipment (except Scooter).

  
SEE WHAT'S NEW TODAY  
IN A CHEVROLET.

endary quail plantations of Georgia and Alabama.

If the number of birds on the McFaddin Ranch is extraordinary—and it is—the number of hunters who have had the pleasure of shooting at them is even more so. With the exception of family members and occasional ranch hands posching for food, only a few outsiders have been privileged to hunt birds on the ranch in its entire 100-year history, making it not only one of the best bird-shooting spreads in Texas but also one of the most exclusive.

Brahma cattle, not birds, were uppermost in James A. McFaddin's mind after he had founded the ranch in 1877. He saw his first Brahma bull at the Chicago Fair in 1893, where it was on exhibition principally as an exotic curiosity. McFaddin was so impressed by the creature's ability to handle the oppressive Chicago heat that he decided it had to be right for South Texas. He sold his interest in the Spindletop oil field before the great historic gusher came in, and with the

money imported a herd of Brahmas, the first in Texas, and bought the land on which to raise them.

Early in this century, McFaddin's son Al and grandson C. K. McCan, who operated the ranch from 1924 until his death in 1974, began experimenting with Hereford-Brahma crosses to improve the quality of the beef. They eventually developed the Victoria breed, less famous than the King Ranch's Santa Gertrudis cattle (shorthorn-Brahma cross) but also a high-grade beef animal that is especially resistant to the heat, insects and diseases of the coastal plains. Lying at one point only 17 miles from the Gulf of Mexico, much of the ranch consists of reclaimed, richly vegetated lowlands on which the Victoria breed has thrived along with game birds.

"This is nothing like Texas hill country," says Lou Cartile, an investment banker from San Antonio. "This ranch really has carrying capacity for everything. It's just wall-to-wall grass."

Much of the land was reclaimed

around the turn of the century by Al McFaddin. "My great-uncle put in about half the dikes, using mules and wagons," says Jess Womack, 30, a private investor in San Antonio. "We reclaimed a lot more during the Depression, when we had what amounted to our own WPA here. Then in 1961 Hurricane Carla came through as strong as a Mexican plate lunch and reflooded a lot of those reclaimed acres. Rebuilding the dikes was so expensive that we decided to leave the land under water."

The decision was probably not all that difficult to make because there are sizable deposits of oil and natural gas beneath the floodwater. Wet or dry, Texaco and Pennzoil pumps keep right on pumping. But the floods brought with them an unexpected bonus: wildfowl winging south discovered a great new place to spend the winter. Within a couple of seasons the McFaddin Ranch was the in place for several hundred thousand wintering waterfowl. The birds knew a good deal when they found one

continued

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### HUNTING continued

There was plenty of food, plenty of water and nobody to disturb them. Neither the late C. K. McCan nor his son Kerry had much interest in shooting ducks and geese—they preferred to watch and listen to them—which was just fine with the birds.

Then five years ago Jess happened to visit the ranch during the fall. "I had come out once or twice when I was growing up to hunt the Russian bours that are all over the place," he says, "but I didn't even know there were ducks and geese on the ranch. I couldn't believe the concentrations of birds. The next year my brother Walter and I built some blinds on the river and invited a few friends out for a shoot. We've done that each year since. But we like having the birds around too much to take a chance of driving them away, so we limit the hunting to just one shoot a season."

Which is, of course, another reason why the shooting on the McFaddin Ranch is so spectacular. Except for Kerry's quail hunting, which he mostly does with his wife and children, all other hunting for both upland and migratory birds is generally limited to this single week-end each season.

There were eight guests and four members of the family on the hunt in which I took part last January. The weekend started with a 5 a.m. breakfast at La Casita, the ranch's poohouse. Several of the hunters took predawn dips to test the watertightness of their waders, appearing in their cocoons of rubber, down and Dacron, like extraterrestrial creatures in the eerie underwater pool lights.

The sky was starless, with no suggestion yet of the dawn that would arrive within the hour, when Jess, Walter and their guests were deposited by truck somewhere out in the darkness. Gray outlines of fence posts protruded from what seemed to be water. Record rains—70 inches as compared with a normal 15—had swollen the river and inundated the duck blinds, forcing the party to hunt along a bar ditch that ran beneath the levee.

The men put some decoys in the water and separated along the bank. Almost immediately ducks zoomed in from all angles, whistling, chirping, beating the air with their wings. With a splash, first one, then another and another dropped into the water. Unaware of the audience—it was still dark—they paddled only yards from shore. Soon their shad-

owy figures began to take form. Somewhere down the line a gun went off. The morning hunt had begun.

For the next 20 minutes, as the first light filtered through the overcast sky, ducks moved like phantoms up and down the bar ditch, swooping, dipping, veering, flaring off as they spotted a hunter on the naked bank. In less than an hour most blinds were filled. Even without blinds it was a great duck shoot.

As was that afternoon's quail hunt. There were fewer people shooting than in the morning, and the hunting party was split into two groups, alternating coveys Jaime Adames, the Mexican handler, used eight dogs, principally pointers, with a couple of setters and a Brittany. They ran in pairs, each birdier and more eager than their predecessors. In just under four hours they flushed 35 coveys of bobwhite, several of which contained upwards of 40 birds. Each new covey was seldom more than a few hundred yards from the last. Between flushing a covey and walking up the singles, there were never more than five minutes between shots.

"We were afraid populations would be down because of the rain," said Walter, 29, who lives and works on the ranch, "but I think we have more birds than ever. Fortunately, they were off the news before the rains began. With the amount of quail cover we have, all this water didn't bother them."

The largest concentration of geese in the U.S. is in the Eagle Lake-EI Campo area near Houston, where as many as 1.6 million birds are believed to winter. Although no official counts have been made of the number of wintering geese on the McFaddin Ranch, each year their numbers increase and educated guesses are that there are around 600,000 birds, mostly snows. This is about as many geese as normally winter along the entire Eastern shore of Maryland.

A goose set on the McFaddin, like just about everything else on the property, is unique. Neither decoys, at least not conventional ones, nor blinds were used on the Sunday morning shoot. Instead the hunters were divided into groups of four, given huge burlap bags and dropped off at three different locations out on the plains. A strong wind was blowing and there was no sign of daylight. The fields were ankle-deep in mud, and nobody knew exactly where he was going or what he was supposed to do when he got there,

which lent a certain challenge to the morning.

Slogging through the fields behind a single flashlight beam, our group came finally to what looked like 30 or 40 big white dinner napkins scattered among the stubble, simulating snow geese. These constituted the nucleus of the "set." In the burlap bag were several hundred more white squares, which were added to those already down. They were made of plastic the thickness and texture of Kleenex. Originally, the Womacks used baby diapers, but plastic proved lighter and easier to clean.

When the squares were out, the hunters positioned themselves in the dark about 15 yards from one end of the spread, tucking a few extra squares into the hoods of parkas, on shell cases and wherever else they could be attached as camouflage.

At 7:10 the first thin shafts of morning light pushed through the low-hanging clouds. On the horizon great strings of geese began to rise. They flew overhead in long elegant Vs, scanning the spread from a safe distance but showing no inclination to drop into it. By 7:30 two things were clear: 1) there were more geese overhead than some hunters will see in a lifetime, and 2) we were apparently as visible to them as they were to us. All those loud cackles were probably jokes about the stupidity of hunters.

Looking around for better cover, we discovered a ditch nearby that we had missed in the dark. When we were hidden by brush in the ditch, our luck rapidly changed. The next flight that came over circled back for another look and began to drop in among the plastic squares. For the rest of the morning, geese continued to be lured to the unorthodox set, arriving singly, in small bunches and sometimes in whole flocks.

Those that did not come in gathered in a nearby field. By 9:30 an area one-quarter-mile square was solidly white with geese. Drifting on the wind, their conversation sounded like the end of a particularly raucous cocktail party. Then in the distance Walter's truck appeared, a speck upon the horizon. With a rumble that began like the revving of many jet engines, then increased to a tremendous roar that made the ground vibrate, 100,000 geese rose into the air at once, almost blocking out the sky with their beating wings. It was an awesome and fitting finale to a unique shoot.

END

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# A LITTLE NIGHT MUSIC

But it isn't a lullaby on New York's Upper West Side where Marty Reisman hustles all corners to the mesmeric plickety-plock-plick of Ping-Pong balls

BY RAY KENNEDY

**F**rom sundown until the last wino bites the pavement, the intersection of Broadway and 96th Street on Manhattan's Upper West Side is like Dodge City on a Saturday night. Subway cowboys spilling out of the bars whoop it up on the street. Painted ladies and penhandlers lurk in the shadows, hissing and beckoning. Thumping music, shattering glass, mad laughter, shouts—the night sounds rumble and cluster through the high-rise canyons like those of a wagon train rolling in from the Bronx.

And when the blood is running hot and the stakes are heavy, there can even be a shootin' match right out of the Last Chance Saloon.

This was the case late one recent night when a grim young stranger and his sidekick appeared at the crossroads of the wild, wild West Side. Down a flight of cement steps on 96th just off Broadway, through a battered swinging door and into a crowded, cavernous cellar they came, spilling for a showdown. The sidekick ducked into a back room where a group of men were playing poker. Speaking in hushed tones, he flashed a roll of bills. One of the men rose, fingered the money and nodded.

*continued*

"He's game," the sidekick whispered to his young companion, helping him remove his leather jacket. Then, from a folded copy of the *Daily News*, the young stranger unsheathed his weapon—a table tennis paddle.

Instinctively the onlookers gathered around championship table No. 1, buzzing with the news: the Kid was challenging the Master, the deadliest, most legendary sharpshooter of them all.

And suddenly there he was, the Master himself, emerging from the back room like a dark avenger. He was wearing black razor-creased trousers tucked into black riding boots, a black silk shirt with billowing sleeves, black-rimmed glasses and, his talisman, a black cap rakishly cocked over his right eye. The ensemble hung on him as if it was still on the hanger—at six feet tall and barely 135 pounds, he had the beaked, bony look of a bird of prey, an eagle coldly eyeing a plump pigeon.

Calling for his "bat," a black antique Hock Special, the Master served a warmup ball that the Kid eagerly smashed

past him with a big muscular forehand drive. Impassive, the Master kept hating to the same corner, and the Kid kept smashing away. The suspense was too much for one spectator. "How many ya gonna give 'im?" he cried. With an air of lofty indifference, the Master muttered, "Oh, 18 sounds about right."

"Eighteen points?" the crowd gasped. The Master was spotting the Kid 18 points?

And so the shoot-out began, the Master winding up to serve just as he had in the warmup. Same stance, same motion, same top-spin flick. Aquiver with anticipation, the Kid rolled to his right and cocked his forehead. Only this time the serve shot to the opposite corner and bounced twice before the Kid could untwist himself. "The old Pavlovian setup," snickered one onlooker. Score: the Kid 18, the Master 1.

Wary now, the Kid chopped the ball back until he could position himself for his roundhouse right and then—bam! Instantaneously the Master short-hopped the smash and,

*Resman will play all corners straight, using his Hock Special, or with a Coke bottle, his shoe, even a fresh can cover.*





The clientele at Reisman's emporium is markedly heterogeneous. On an afternoon, women may drop in for a few fast games.

like a recruit snapping off a smart salute, drove it back before the Kid had finished his follow-through. The harder the Kid slammed the ball—bam! bam!—the harder it came back. Flustered, the Kid hit a desperation shot that nicked the edge of the table and fell away at an unreturnable angle. The Kid 19, the Master 9.

Then the Master began working the ball from side to side, gradually sharpening the angle until the Kid was lunging and panting heavily. When the Kid retreated, the Master hit wicked drop shots that kicked back into the net. When he charged, the Master bounced bullets off his chest. Diving for one shot, the Kid lifted a soft looper that ticked the net and dribbled over. The Kid 20, the Master 16.

Going for broke, the Kid leaped to his left and hit a veering smash that caught the Master going the wrong way. Without breaking stride, the Master dipped and hit the ball behind his back for a clean winner.

Then, circling under a high lob, the Master swung mightily—and missed. The Kid, stunned and near exhaustion, stumbled backward, skidded and fell. And the Master, reversing his swing in a whippy figure-eight sweep, caught the ball an instant before it struck the table and put it away with a quick backhand slap. Final score: the Master 22, the Kid 20.

The stake money safely pocketed, the Master clapped his arm around the Kid's shoulder and, all sweetness and smooth talk now, offered to sell him the last remaining copy of his book, *The Money Player: The Confessions of America's Greatest Table Tennis Champion and Hustler*, at "cost"—\$6.95. As the Kid dug into his jeans, the Master scribbled on the flyleaf, "18 points any time, any place—you name the stakes. Best wishes always, Marty Reisman."

No matter that the Kid later found a sales slip in the book showing that it was bought at an author's discount of \$4, or that the supposedly rare volume came from a stockpile of 1,500 "last remaining copies." Unlike many of the fleeced, the Kid knew he was taking on the game's most cel-

ebrated hustler. And to take that plunge is to play by the first rule of the streets: what's fair is what works. Indeed that is part of the lure, if nothing else, the Kid could go away knowing that he had been worked over by the best, that for a few heady moments he had costarred in a hit sideshow that has been running off-Broadway for nearly 20 years.

For Marty Reisman, winner of 17 national and international table tennis titles—and hundreds of big-money bets—the performance served a different need. Like many professional gamblers, he insists that neither the pay nor the play is the thing. Rather, he says, it is the risk, the intrigue, the danger that exhilarates. "Though I need it to get the adrenaline flowing, the money is nothing, the excitement everything," he says. "I never played a game for fun in my life."

Spoken like a true gunslinger—or is that the wily hustler talking? One can never be certain about a "mythic figure," which is what Tim Boggan, editor of the bimonthly *Table Tennis Topics*, calls Reisman.

"No one plays with the same classical élan," says Boggan. "No one carries the same aura. And no one for sure dresses the same as Marty Reisman. He adds dignity and class to a game that has no dignity and class. Yes, there is the cat burglar side, but he is a Cary Grant cat burglar, the kind of person who operates on both sides of some laws and makes it all seem right because he does it on his own terms. There is no comparable bravado figure in the game today. He is the James Bond of table tennis."

A string of victims extending from Baltimore to Bangkok attests to that. And that's the rub: where once Reisman could set up a mark by posing as a glibbie klutz ("Is this the way you hold the paddle?"), his notoriety eventually threatened to become detrimental to his health.

Now 47, Reisman went underground at 96th and Broadway in 1958, the year he won the national championship in both singles and doubles, and holed up as the proprietor of

continued

the first of two dungeonlike retreats more formally known as the Riverside Table Tennis Club. And there he has reigned ever since, a subterranean Sultan of Swat who lets the world come to him to be taken.

Reisman's first club, the original house that ruse built, was never strong on the niceties. Interred beneath a movie house and a luncheonette, the motif was sort of Early Subway Station, sweating pipes and all. The floor was so uneven that pieces of broken paddles had to be wedged under the legs of the seven tables.

Little else seemed wholly on the level. Grifters of all stripes hung out at the place, peddling everything from hot diamond rings to a surefire tip on the fifth at Yonkers. Reisman got his slice by running a flea market out of the back room—one big seller was a truckload of the last remaining Mexican bullbombs this side of Tijuana. Caught up in the

helped to know how to keep score in Hindi, Yiddish and Afrikaans as well. Social distinctions were virtually nil. Gauche was measuring the net with a \$100 bill (the net is 6' high, a bill 6 1/2' long); chic was wearing a clean pair of sweat socks. Reisman's had to be the only sporting club in the land where a millionaire shirt kang arrived by chauffeured limo to play a barechested black on welfare. Whatever ideological differences Louie the Commie had with the Marquise de St. Cyr, who was the terror of the luxury-liner Ping-Pong circuit, were expressed by their appearance. Louie tooted a bag emblazoned PEOPLE NOT PROFITS, the Marquise wore a full-length mink and sneakers.

Housewives traded backhands with U.N. diplomats. Schoolboys took on retired stockbrokers. Cabbies battled paraplegics in wheelchairs. And Reisman, never to be outdone, once played a chimpanzee that wore short pants



*Reisman stubbornly eschews the popular foam rubber paddles, clinging to the hard-rubber bat with which he won 17 titles*

swim, even the most casual of players turned would-be shark. Newcomers were greeted with cheery greetings like, "I'll give you six points, fish, lower pops for the tab."

The quality of play at Reisman's was intense, the addiction total. There was little human discourse, only the me-moric plickety-plock-plick, plickety-plock-plock of batted balls. There were no clocks, no windows, no cleansing rays of sunlight. Sweating and grunting in an eerie fluorescent glow, the inmates flailed away like Dante's accursed until someone noticed that the cracks in the door were turning pink. Only then, at dawn's first beckoning, would they leave or, in some cases, bed down on one of the tables.

The mix of players was markedly heterogeneous. If the Melting Pot of the World had an underbelly it was Reisman's. Orientals and Eastern Europeans were predominant, for in those countries table tennis is a major sport, but it

and stood on a chair. "That ape had a lot of native ability," says Reisman.

The appearance of other celebrity primates—Dustin Hoffman, Art Carney, Bobby Fischer, Walter Matthau, Kurt Vonnegut Jr., Zero Mostel—added occasional glitz. Yet for all that, for all its rich Runyonesque flavor, what made Reisman's truly special was not its role in Broadway folklore but its contribution to the game.

In its own wonderfully grubby way the Riverside Table Tennis Club afforded a very vital sense of community to a disenfranchised sports minority. Down in that timeless, all-embracing netherworld, a country that dismissed table tennis as a mere rec-room diversion seemed very far away. The lower depths were symbolic of both that neglect and the irrepressible desire of a group of skilled athletes to excel against the worst of odds.

*continued*

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†In California, 225-1 six-cylinder engine standard and automatic transmission required at extra cost.



In time, in fact, Reisman's obscure basement became a Taj Mahal of table tennis in the U.S. On any given night a dozen or more of the nation's top players could be found there. Through a wide range of younger whips right down to the small fry who would just as soon demolish their elders as look at them—if the kid could see over the table—the club was a proving ground for the best table tennis talent in the country. Tim Boggan, who teaches English lit at Long Island University, Brooklyn Center, when not editing *Table Tennis Topics*, likens the nurturing process at Reisman's to taking a graduate degree in life. "There was the very real feeling," he says, "that you never had to leave that Ping-Pong parlor to find the whole world."

That world came crashing down under the wrecker's ball three years ago, and Reisman suddenly found himself back in the real world. For a year he scul-

fled around the neighborhood, squeezing the tomatoes at Murray's Market just like the workaday folks and living off a killing he made by importing and selling 96,000 dozen Chinese table tennis balls. He took up golf. Accustomed to rising at 3 p.m., he discovered that his new avocation not only imposed disorientation—i.e., regular hours—but also resulted in a strange affliction, sunburn.

"I didn't mind losing my fluorescent tan," Reisman says. "What hurt was that our whole subculture had disintegrated." A nightshade among sunflowers, he realized, "I had to return to my roots."

Suddenly, early last year, the word was out on the street: Marty was back in action. He simply walked across 96th Street, from the north side to the south side and descended into a remarkably similar sunken chamber beneath a supermarket. He turned on the lights—"Ah, the old fluorescent glow felt good," he

says—set up his tables and within a few hours, plickety-plock-plick, the place was swarming.

To reclaim the class players, most of whom had become fixtures at a club of rival stature on West 73rd Street or at a new spot on West 56th, Reisman dusted off his trusty Hock Special and announced that he would take on all comers for as long as will and wallet survived. Dodge City was never more wide open, there were midnight raids, ambushes at dawn and shoot-outs that lasted 18 hours or more. And when the smoke cleared the old Master was still standing. 73rd Street had become a drug rehabilitation center and 56th Street had sold its tables—to Reisman.

Reassuringly, Reisman's II is Reisman's I all over again. Oh, there is a window that extends above street level but not so intrusively as to dispel the old subterranean feel. The trappings are the

*continued*

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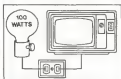
One of the hardest tasks for a color television is correcting varying flesh-tones without distorting other colors. ColorTrak's Dynamic Flesh-tone Correction brings flesh-tones into the natural range, yet minimizes the effect on other colors.



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New XtendedLife Chassis uses about as much energy, on average, as a 100 watt bulb.

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same right down to the waste can that catches the drippings from the overhead pipes. The walls are adorned with the same faded blowups: Marty and Pope Pius XII, Marty relaxing in front of a pagoda in Hanoi, Marty on a camel before the great Sphinx of Egypt. And the undercover peddlers are not only back in force, but they also have a hot new specialty item hidden under their coats, cut-rate jars of Maxwell House coffee.

Chinese waiters still battle math professors. Richard Holman, editor and publisher of the *Wall Street Transcript*, is still trying to master the loop drive. And there is still the impressive array of talent, ranging from fiftyish Leah (Ping) Neuberger, a former movie mixed doubles champion, to top-rated whizzes like Roger Sverdik and David Philip, a recent intercollegiate champion.

And of course there is Marty, wheeling, dealing, devilish Marty. No host is more accommodating. What's your pleasure? Depending on your skills—and bankroll—he will play you straight or sitting in a chair. He aims to tease. Casting aside his Hock Special, he will play you with a trash-can lid, a book, a Coke bottle, a light bulb, his horn-rims, his shoe, your shoe—anything that is handy. One skeptic with \$500 to burn did not believe there was a man alive who could beat him playing with that electrical cord cover lying over there. He was wrong.

If Ping-Pong palls, there is always gin-poker, chess, backgammon, Scrabble. You name it and Reisman will produce one of the house specialists, killer sharks all. Arm wrestling has been temporarily suspended because the resident crusher is on a leave of absence necessitated by a three-year prison sentence for bank robbery.

Note to aspiring challengers: the minimum required to get Reisman's "adrenaline flowing" is \$100. (Also, beware the coin-tossing dodge. This is not merely the usual and primitive up-against-the-wall stuff. Reisman and crew throw their coins whole blocks, from manhole cover to manhole cover on Broadway between 96th and 97th.) If you are lucky, Reisman will do some of his exhibition routines, like standing a cigarette on end at the far side of the table and then blithely breaking it in two with a forehead smash.

That is a number Reisman perfected while touring with the Harlem Globetrotters in 1949-50 as a half-time attraction. Sergio Osmeña Jr., the governor of the island of Cebu in the Philippines, was not aware of Reisman's trick skills when he invited him to his estate for a series of friendly money matches. Otherwise he surely would not have agreed to a divertissement in which the only way Reisman could score was by knocking off a matchbox set up on the governor's side of the table. Compared to the cigarette the matchbox was as vulnerable as J. Arthur Rank's gong, and in no time Reisman rang up a \$3,500 lead.

**T**hen Reisman learned a lesson about greed. During a break for a snack of dried monkey meat, one of the governor's aides drew Reisman aside and suggested that, ahem, it might be better for international relations if the host's sporting nature was not taxed to the extreme. Reisman agreed and discreetly threw a few games without endangering his \$3,500 bundle.

Afterward, Reisman recalls, "Sergio was almost happy and insisted that I return. Which I did, several times. Take a little, leave a little. I always say. It makes for a longer life and some good long-term investments, too."

Still, he says, the one-shot haul has its allure. Like in a factory loft in Omaha. Adhering to his old adage, "If the money's right, I'll go anywhere," Reisman went to Omaha at the behest of a well-to-do mattress manufacturer who called long distance one day to say, "I'd like you to help me win back \$80,000."

Reisman's client, it developed, had lost the money over several months to a local sharpie named Al. Leaving behind his Pierre Cardin wardrobe, Reisman showed up in a baggy seersucker suit, the better to fit his role as a visiting baby-scrib salesman. When all was in readiness—net loosened to pick up a dribbler when needed, half a dozen Hock Specials scattered about—the client invited Al over for another go-round in the loft.

"The first rule of hustling is to let your opponent suggest the match," says Reisman, "and when he does you mustn't seem too eager." And so, all but whining and kicking, Reisman ended up behind the table, pleading for a big spot

and feigning that he did not know that his client was heating heavily on the outcome. Losing a few, winning a few more—all by close scores and with an array of "lucky" shots—Reisman lured his fish ever deeper into the net.

"The idea," says Reisman, "is to make your opponent think he is hustling you. That's why I've developed a special 'hustler's grip.' I hold the racket the way a thirsty truck driver holds a beer bottle. That way every winner you hit looks so crazy so completely accidental that the guy is willing to bet anything that you can't do it again."

The Omaha connection netted Reisman \$20,600, or one-third of what he won. He also earned a gratifying compliment: "You lucky bastard!" Al snarled at him, just the way Marty hoped he would.

Reisman began compiling his hustler's handbook on Manhattan's Lower East Side. Off and on, his father Morris was a taxi driver, a bookie and a numbers runner. Full time he was a gambler. Once the owner of a fleet of 17 cabs, he lost them all shooting craps and playing cards. Reisman remembers, "I saw my dad lose six taxis during one session of poker." Reisman's mother, a Russian émigrée, left his father when Marty was 10, and it was shortly thereafter that he got hooked on table tennis at a neighborhood settlement house. At 13 he was the city junior champion and a past master at hustling adults, whom he met in the parks. He lived with his mother until he was 14, then moved in with his father and became a regular at Lawrence's Broadway Table Tennis Club, a second-floor fore-runner of Reisman's 1. The bullet holes in the wall behind table No. 5 had been filled in but the action was as whizbang as when it was a speakeasy run by Legs Diamond. The main attraction was the famous Friday night tournaments. As freewheeling as cockfights, they attracted the top players and a gang of high rollers who could zero in on the point spreads as deftly as they did on the brass spitoons.

"It was the best training possible," says Reisman. "The gambling sharpened you, forced you to correct the distortions in your stroke and throw out all the garbage that didn't work. Because if you didn't, you were busted for the night."

*continued*

Not all the lessons learned were acceptable to the straight world. At the 1945 U.S. championships Reisman advanced to the quarterfinals and then went looking for his bookie. "I'd been laying with the same guy on the tournament all week," he says. "I didn't have much time so I walked up to this guy who looked like him and handed him \$500 and said, 'Put it on me.' It was Steenhoven!" Graham Steenhoven, the very proper—and very shocked—president of the United States Table Tennis Association. Though Reisman's tender years—he was 15—saved him from being suspended from the USTTA, he was escorted from the hall by two uniformed cops.

At 16, the "bad boy of Ping-Pong," as Reisman came to be known, won the national junior title and a year later qualified for the three-man U.S. team at the 1948 world championships in London. When he stepped off the *Queen Elizabeth*, he was hardly an innocent abroad. His bags were stuffed with nylon stockings. And while he unloaded the contraband for five times what he paid for it, it was a mere drop in what was to become a very big bucket.

"Smuggling never bothered me," Reisman says. "Table tennis players have to survive on their wiles. A player who depended on exhibition fees could starve. The top players were either gamblers, smugglers or both. I had already won more than 175 trophies but I couldn't eat them."

**P**ubbed the Needle because of his build—or lack of one—Reisman and his kill shot were quite literally the big hit of the tournament. Once clocked at 115 mph, the forehand kill was part of a new style of high-speed attack—slamming the ball an instant after it struck the table—which Reisman developed at Lawrence's. He called the new offense fast-hit, the postwar London press called his slam the Atomic Blast.

Though he lost to Britain's Richard Bergmann, the five-time world champ, in a spectacular final before a crowd of 10,000, the acclaim convinced Reisman that at 17 there were worlds far beyond the bounds of Lawrence's to conquer. As a finishing school, however, Lawrence's had international stature. For the 1949 world championships in Stockholm, the

U.S. team was not only wholly composed of Friday night all-stars—Reisman, Dick Miles and Doug Cartland—but was also ranked No. 2 in the world.

In between hawking ball-point pens and stocking up on Orrefors crystal to smuggle back into the U.S., Reisman made it all the way to the semifinals of the Stockholm world championships, a feat equaled by only one other American, Lou Pagliaro, a fellow Lawrence's graduate. A week later Reisman went to London's Wembley Stadium and, hitting an occasional ball between his legs, became the only American ever to win the British Open.

Reisman's showmanship served him well when he and U.S. teammate Doug Cartland spent the next three years touring with the Globetrotters. At one-nighters in Alabama, where the Trotters were forced to ride in the back of a bus, and before 75,000 people in West Berlin's Olympia Stadium, the Reisman-Cartland act was a smash, for never before had anyone seen two men play with five balls at once or, using pots and pans as paddles, bang out the melody of *Mary Had a Little Lamb*.

But that was strictly amateur-hour fare compared to the show-stopper performed by a Japanese trickster at the 1952 world championships in Bombay. He was Hiroji Satoh, a small, unassuming, pigeon-toed man. First the great Bergmann and then Reisman lost to Satoh by humiliating scores, completely befuddled by a new paddle covered with a one-inch slab of foam rubber. Slams rebounded off Satoh's sponge racket as if fired from a slingshot, whiffballing every which way with all kinds of bewildering spins. More confounding still, the novel racket was a weapon with a built-in silencer; it made no sound whatsoever.

"Like Willie Mays taking off at the crack of the bat," Reisman explains, "we were all conditioned to react to the sound of the racket hitting the ball. But with Satoh that was impossible. Suddenly, we were all deaf-mutes in a game that required dialogue."

Satoh won the 1952 world championship and Reisman the world consolation round. But the game was forever changed and there was no making up for that. Or was there? It took some maneuvering but during the next few months Reisman and

Cartland pursued an elaborate scheme of revenge.

They were the original odd couple. Reisman, just 22, was already into his \$100-silk-shirt mode. Cartland, 15 years older and a drawing North Carolinian, was of a more frugal bent. "Doug lived on scrambled eggs and water," says Reisman. "He was always arguing with waiters, bellhops and taxi drivers about money, always saving his laundry until we got to Kuala Lumpur or somewhere because the prices were cheaper there. Once, when I forgot to bring my sneakers to a match, Doug gave me an extra pair of his—for a 50¢ rental fee."

By hook and a little crook the dauntless duo worked their way from Bombay through the Far East playing exhibitions, hustling when they could and going hungry when they couldn't. Eventually, they had the wherewithal to fly to Tokyo and publicly challenge Satoh and Nobu Hayashin, a world doubles champion, to a U.S.-Japan showdown. Promoted by a Japanese manufacturer who paid the Americans to endorse a line of Reisman-Cartland balls, the match was held on the stage of a movie theater in Osaka. There were 50,000 requests for tickets but only 5,000 fans were able to squeeze in. The matches, which were broadcast over a national radio hookup, were decided by the final encounter in singles between Reisman and Satoh.

Pushing the ball back to minimize the ricochet effect of Satoh's sponge, Reisman picked his slam shots judiciously and split the first two games. The third game seasawed dramatically until Satoh, trailing 17-15, sent Reisman racing back 20 feet to return one, two, three banzas slams in a row. But when Satoh missed on his fourth put-away attempt, his concentration snapped and Reisman ran out the game to win 21-15.

Satoh, suffering from a bad case of lost face, was driven to sake and never appeared again in international play. Reisman and Cartland rolled on, first and most expeditiously to Taiwan where they sold 200 gross of their dual-signature balls for a \$5,700 profit.

What started out as a gypsy road show soon developed into a prolonged caper with overtones of Terry and the Pirates. Getting about was no problem. In return for playing exhibitions at U.S. bases

continued

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in the Near and Far East. Reisman and Cartland were given free air transportation on military flights. It was a heady whirl. They played a command performance for King Farouk of Egypt, gave lessons to President Magsaysay of the Philippines and, after lunching with Prince Sihanouk of Cambodia, they flew off in the royal helicopter to tour the ruins of Angkor Wat.

And always, wherever they went, there were wealthy table tennis patrons eager to arrange money matches. One late-night session in the spring of 1954 found Reisman and Cartland playing in the ballroom of a mansion in French-occupied Hanoi while bombers roared overhead and mortars thumped in the distance. Dien Bien Phu fell to the Viet Minh the day after they left, but they managed to escape with their winnings and 200 bottles of Arpege perfume.

Because their military flights were not subject to customs inspections, smuggling and trading on the black market came easily. Inevitably perhaps, Reisman succumbed to the offer of a Chinese profiteer to cash in on a golden opportunity. So there Reisman was, 135 pounds of seeming innocence, stepping off a plane at Hong Kong's Kai Tak Airport on an in-transit stop from Tokyo. And there, one hour and a quick spin on the Kowloon ferry later, he went, 156 pounds of foreign intrigue, reboarding the plane for Rangoon. He had picked up and was carrying, in a muslin vest tightly constricted to his body and covered by a latex bathing suit, three 24-karat gold bars.

Reisman made many such runs, each one earning him \$1,000 and giving him a few heart-stopping moments. He hung up his muslin vest after 25 missions and, wearing two dozen Rolex watches under his bolero sleeves, returned to New York in 1957. But his plaint, "I'm better known in Singapore than I am here," was all too true. There simply wasn't much call for retired gold smugglers. "I was 27 and had never worked a day in my life," he says. "The question was what to do?"

In a reckless fling at respectability, Reisman took a job as a shoe clerk at B. Altman's department store but was fired after four weeks for failing to faithfully report at the ungodly hour of 9 a.m. Undaunted, he got married in 1958,

bought the Riverside Table Tennis Club for \$6,000 and two years later fathered a daughter.

By then virtually every tournament player was wielding a fancy sponge racket and had a whole new arsenal of spin shots that had totally revamped the game. As it has evolved, the "sandwich bat," layered with generous slices of foam and rubber, does indeed resemble a Dagwood concoction. By contrast, Reisman's Hock Special, covered only by a thin slice of pimped rubber, looks like a bread-line handout.

Yet in the eyes of the maestro it is the "Stradivarius of bats," a five-ply masterpiece that is handmade by an Indiana artisan named Bernard Hock. Though at a distinct disadvantage, Reisman has steadfastly refused to switch to sponge because, he says, "I feel I'd be prostituting a talent that I devoted a lifetime to learning. The sponge offends my dignity."

**N**onetheless, he did manage to get in one last defiant lick when he advanced to the finals of the 1960 U.S. championships and a confrontation with Bobby Guskoff, the defending titleholder. Reisman says, "I knew I didn't have a chance against Bobby and his sponge, especially since I'd lost a money match to him the night before. So I picked up a sponge in self-defense and won the championship in three straight games without raising a bead of sweat. There was no sense of struggle, nothing. I tossed the sponge aside and haven't touched one since."

Nor will he, for with that grandiloquent gesture he set the stage for his ongoing role as the "last representative of the great classical age of table tennis." "To play with the hard rubber racket is to be in communion with the ball," says Reisman. "Unlike the sponge, it lets you experience each stroke, each vibration, until the tone and feel of the racket become part of your neurological system. And it makes such a lovely sound—plickety-plock, plickety-plock. In the old days you went looking for tournaments with your ears. All you had to do was stop for a moment and listen—plickety-plock, plickety-plock."

Fated to listen to the sound of silence, separated from his wife in 1964 and divorced four years later, Reisman has

taken to running tournaments and giving exhibitions. He also does TV guest shots (on one show host Don Rickles wailed, "Look at that body! Would someone please go buy this guy a hot meal!") And, of course, he keeps playing at his place, where, alas, he sometimes loses to the likes of Danny Seemiller, the reigning U.S. champion.

Throughout, he continues to rail against the state of table tennis. "What they call a technological advance is really a setback for the spectator," Reisman says. "In the pre-sponge era the ball crossed the net an average of 30 times on each point. The strategy, the entrapments, the players, could be understood and enjoyed by everyone. Today the ball rarely crosses the net more than four times. Points are scored with contorted strokes and imperceptible twists of the wrist that defy appreciation. Table tennis used to have an esthetic quality about it. Now everything is based on confusing your opponent. They've turned a sport into a game."

Reisman could be dismissed as a bitter man, save for the fact that he is not alone in his appraisal. Indeed, a case could be made that table tennis has been more radically changed by technology than any other sport. Changed for better or worse is at the very least debatable. What is not is the dramatic alteration of virtually every aspect of the sport, including the two-hour struggles that once were common in world-class play. In 1955, just three years after Satoh shuffled the world rankings almost overnight, Japan's Kideo Tanaka used the new sponge racket to win the world title in three straight games that lasted only 12 minutes.

The years since have seen all manner of variations on the sponge racket. Reisman's claim that the games being played with the new bats are bloodless was given some credence when, after a long absence from the tournament scene, he agreed to enter the 1972 nationals. Crowds gathered whenever he competed and, for one featured encounter, 10 players neglected to play, instead watching the old warrior fight his version of trench warfare. At the time, columnist Murray Kemple wrote, "To come upon Reisman is like finding some perfect specimen of a lost classic age, then as a

continued

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blade, the steep a matador's, the stroke a kitten's."

More heartening for Reisman was his appearance this June at the U.S. Open in Hollywood where he was given top billing in a newly created event for hard rubber rackets. He was his old showboating self, tossing \$100 bills under the table and shouting out, "\$2,000 to \$40 I can take this guy." Though he lost a five-game thriller to Ray Guillen, 21, in the semifinals, Reisman drew the biggest galleries and upstaged the spongers at every turn. Afterward he was given a special award that cited his "legendary career" and lauded him as "one of the most electrifying of world-class players." Later he allowed, "If I practiced and didn't smoke three packs of cigarettes a day, I'd be a sapperman at this game."

Spurred by the tournament's success, other hard-rubber productions starring Reisman are in the offing. As for *The Money Player*, which has been sold to the movies, Reisman figures he will let some stand-in do his cocked-cap routines on the screen. "I think Bob De Niro could do it right," he says.

Surveying the world from his basement recently, Reisman observed, "I haven't reached my potential yet. People keep saying, 'Reisman leads a gifted life. He gets all the girls, a book, a movie.' But it's true. I think I mean, here I am at an age when most sports figures are forgotten, and my star's still rising. It's like my first rule of gambling: I only bet on a sure thing—myself."

The odds do seem tipped in his favor. Not too long ago Reisman saw some halfway decent office furniture being discarded on the street. As he stood there, pondering whether he should call his friend Willis the Tracker to make a haul, a man walked up and asked him if he wanted to sell the furniture. Quick as a fast-hit slam, Reisman sold it to him for \$100.

Final note to would-be challengers: don't bet against Reisman. But if you must, if your sporting blood is up, well, pack your TSP Black Ace or electrical conduit cover, whatever your preference, and take the subway to 96th and Broadway. Marty will be waiting for you. If you don't know where his place is, just stop and listen—plickety-plock-plock, plickety-plock-plock.

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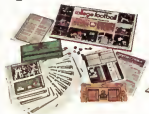
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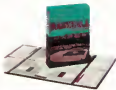
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# As I See It

by GEORGE DUPE

## SPORTS SLANG WAS ONCE VOTED DOWN, BUT THE BALLOTING WASN'T BINDING

"Crack!" went Ray's heavy oak stick," wrote a sports reporter in 1891. "Gast-right raised his hands in an instant to stop the powerful impetus of the ball, which was whistling to centre field, and it broke through his grasp by the sheer force of velocity."

That is, the poor fellow dropped it. "He may not be the bearded brute who crushed the Orchid Man of France but he still looks good enough to take the English Palooka. He still is a shuffler and a roarer, but, boy, that danger kick is always around. One can't do the big brawl from watching him paste over his ham-sporing partners; they just powder-puff him."

That is, Jack Dempsey still looks pretty good.

Faced with the need to fill increasing amounts of space for a public increasingly addicted to sports news, reporters covering athletic events during the past century have developed embellishments and convolutions to fine arts in a desperate attempt to vary their prose. Some of the jargon has just evolved; some of it has been invented by individuals bent on turning colorful phrases all their own. In a way, the sports language of any period is similar to popular music. For a while,

it is on everyone's lips. Then most of it becomes faint, quaint, obscure. The new generation smiles indulgently at an old-timer's use of a bit of slang from the past, but historians and writers would do well to pay close attention, because someday they may have the opportunity to use the jargon to lend authenticity to their works.

Not everyone approves of sports slang. In fact, purists have been complaining about it for most of the past 100 years and, on at least one occasion, the outcry was sufficient to generate a vote on whether or not jargon should be used in sports reporting. In balloting conducted by a Chicago newspaper in 1913, 2,004 readers voted against the use of slang; 1,926 came out in favor of it. In that pre-photo-finish era, the purists ended up winning by a nose.

Sports jargon, like slang of any other sort, may be divided into three groups. First of all, there is a vast body of phraseology that quickly goes out of style, never to return. Who today, for example, refers to a "dunch shot" (a heavy or soggy stroke in golf) while on the links? What baseball fan describes a spectacular catch as an "à la carte"? These phrases, along with countless others, have simply passed out of usage.

Because it is probably the most complex American game and is played most often, baseball has produced the greatest body of jargon. Some of it is now obscure, but a surprising number of words and phrases have survived from the 19th century. Pitchers still "warm up" in the "bullpen," where they perfect their "breaking balls" or "smoke" until the moment when they get the chance to come into the game and "whiff" a few "lumbermen." Of course, they know full well that, if they throw a "crispie" or "hang a curve," they will end up "wearing the horns" and the batter will hit a "roundtripper." Better to toss a few "dusters" and make the baysmen "hit the dirt," so they will not dig in and be able to get "good wood on the ball." Then again, some days nothing goes right. A "chucker's" ball can have a good "hop" on it, but the batter may still "hang a rope" or get lucky with a "Texas League" or "Baltimore chop" that just barely becomes a "bingle."

The second type of sports jargon is comprised of words and phrases that are

associated with a specific game and have no meaning outside the context of that sport. Baseball's "three-bagger," football's "first and 10," basketball's "pick and roll" and ice hockey's "changing on the fly" are examples. Those who do not play the game or watch it avidly are apt to be confused by this argot. Fans, of course, accept the colorful words as part of the game, perhaps only faintly aware that they have absorbed and use an arcane language.

Occasionally sports jargon will move on into a third group, which consists of terms frequently used by those who have no knowledge of the game. An example

### Baseball jargon that has struck out

Plagger	.....	A fan
Mackerel	.....	Curveball
Pay station	.....	Home plate
Dog kennel	.....	Depot
Unbutton the shirt	.....	Swing hard
Groundhog	.....	Groundskeeper
Murphy money	.....	Expense money
Peg the base	.....	Throw to a base
Foosle	.....	A stupid play
Skyscraper	.....	Flyball
Orchard	.....	Outfield
Japanese liner	.....	Soft line drive

is the phrase "pinch-hit," which is often employed in situations that have nothing to do with baseball—that is, when an emergency arises and a replacement is brought in to carry out a job. In the same manner, to "throw a curve" to someone means to surprise or trick that person; in "there pitching" describes a determined individual; to have "struck out" is to have failed miserably (the best solution almost invariably is to "punt"); one "roots" for something or someone in a variety of non-sports circumstances.

Slowly but surely, such terminology works its way into the language of ordinary life, giving vigor and color to the speech patterns of even non-sports fans in our society. If at some date hundreds of years in the future, historians have difficulty tracing the origins of some of our words and phrases, we have the perfect slang expression to tell them what to do: "If you're not satisfied with taking what the defense gives you, you'll just have to eat the ball."

### Ring argot that has taken the count

Bacteria	.....	Fight fans
Reincat	.....	Excellent fighter
Blugs	.....	Fight fans
Cold packer	.....	Knockout blow
Curb breaker	.....	Pseudo fight expert
Derbed boys	.....	Gambles
Ethel	.....	A boxer afraid of being hit
Gum	.....	Wrestle in clinch
Gummed card	.....	Poor array of fighters
Maulies	.....	Fists
Red tape	.....	Training period
Road worms	.....	Those with nipside sears
Romer	.....	Fighter who boxes with mouth open
Wooden shoe	.....	German or Dutch fighter

# Bethlehem Steel is looking for a fight. A fair fight.

Name a foreign steel producer. We'll get in the commercial ring with him and battle it out for America's steel market. And if we both fight by the same rules, we're confident we'll hold our own.

But that isn't the way this "competition" works. When a Japanese or European steelmaker climbs into the ring, his government almost always climbs in with him. That's bending the rules of "free" trade, and we don't think it's fair.

## How they fight

Most foreign steelmakers are either owned, subsidized, financed, aided and/or protected in one way or another by their governments. They don't have the same pressure we do to operate profitably or generate capital.

We believe that much of the steel imported into the U.S. is being "dumped"—that is, sold at prices lower than those charged in the producer's own country, and usually below that foreign steelmaker's full costs of production. Dumping is illegal, but it has been hard to prove.

## Why they do it

During periods of slack demand at home, foreign steelmakers push to maintain high production rates and high employment. Result, a worldwide glut of

steel...14.3 million tons of steel exported to America in 1976, priced to sell...thousands of American steelworkers laid off or working short hours.

## Free trade, yes. But fair!

We're looking for a fight, yes. But a *fair* fight, where all opponents in the international arena are bound by the same rules. Bethlehem Steel and the American steel industry are not "protectionist." We are *not* looking for permanent trade barriers against foreign steel coming into our home markets. All we're asking is a chance to compete on fair and equal terms here in our own country.

## Washington must help

We urge the U.S. Government to insist on fair trading practices in steel, especially that steel imports be priced to at least cover their full costs of production and sale...to arrange for prompt temporary relief from the current excessive flow of steel imports...and to press for international governmental negotiations leading to an effective international agreement on steel trade.

If you agree with us about the seriousness of this problem, please write your representatives in Washington and tell them so.

---

A free folder...*"Foreign Steel: Unfair Competition?"*...explains our answer to that question. Write: Public Affairs Dept., Rm. 476 MT, Bethlehem Steel Corp., Bethlehem, PA 18016.

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# Bethlehem



# FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the week Nov. 7-13

**PRO BASKETBALL**—Pacific Division leader Portland won three straight, including a 112-82 victory over Atlanta in which Bill Walton and Maurice Lucas combined for 48 points to snap the Hawks' winning streak at seven. The Blazers then had their on-ice-gate ticket broken by Houston when Mike Samuels pitched in 25 points and John Lucas, who leads the league in steals with an astounding 18.6 average, contributed 18 points to give the Rockets the 104-102 win, ending the Hawks' three-game losing streak. Denver won three in a row, among them a 131-101 defeat of Milwaukee, to take over first place in the Midwest. A game in front of the Bucks, Cleveland shot Milwaukee 68-62 to gain a share of the Central Division lead with Atlanta. New Orleans fell into fourth place when it dropped 94 to a tie, including a 108-91 loss to Washington as Devin of 26-6-6. Superstar Jarek, the third straight NBA single-game crowd in history. Elton Hayes, who had averaged just 8.7 rebounds in his first five games, took down 25 in a contest and added 21 points. On Saturday, he pumped in 26 more to head Philadelphia's third Billy Cunningham in his first defeat, 116-84 (page 16). The 76ers won heavily into the Atlantic lead in a doubleheader. Joe Barry scored 18 points in 13 minutes to upset them in a 127-119 defeat of the Knicks, but a 101-90 New York win over the Nets combined with an earlier 121-117 defeat of San Antonio, in which Bob McAdoo tallied 33 points, put New York back in a game in front.

**BOATING**—BETTY COOK, born the first world offshore powerboat champion at Key West (page 64)

**PRO FOOTBALL**—It was a devastating Sunday for NFL quarterbacks. Pittsburgh's Terry Bradshaw, who was playing with a cut on his left wrist, pined for three touchdowns before being knocked out of the game with a shoulder injury in the last quarter of the Steelers' 35-31 win over Cleveland. The saints now share first place in the AFC Central. The Browns' Brian Sipe was concerned with an expected shoulder injury during the second period. Green Bay's Lynn Dierker suffered a broken leg on the last play of the Packers' 24-16 loss to the Vikings. Minnesota's Tom Tarver was injured in the 18 before being sacked in the third quarter and losing for the locker room on a stretcher. He was expected to be out for the season with a broken fibula. He was injured in the first half. Facing Patriots in the place looking. He blew his only career punt. The Redskins beat Houston 24-29 and retained first with Denver for first place in the AFC West. The Broncos retained San Diego 17-14 as Craig Morton fired an enigmatic pass to Miami Moses with 1:36 remaining. Coughlin bucked up Quarterback. Bill Muscarello broke a leg during that game. Also breaking a leg was veteran tight offensive tackle Dan Razzano in San Francisco's 10-7 overtime defeat of New Orleans. Atlanta's over-reliant defense held Detroit to one touchdown in a 17-10 win. Dallas overcame a 17-14 deficit to defeat the Chicago Bears 28-27 on a 37-yard pass play with three seconds to go. Walter Payton became the first member of the NFL's 1,000 yard club, passing 102 yards in 13 carries to bring his season total to 1,129. Miami defeated New England 17-5. The Giants beat Tampa Bay 10-0 and Baltimore won three, defeating Washington 10-3 on Monday night and beating Buffalo 31-13.

**HARNESS RACING**—At Rochester's Racetrack, LUTHER NORSE (S) 1:41.40. Johnny Chapman in the sulky won the \$119,155 Messenger Stakes, the first leg of racing's Triple Crown. The colts who in September had won the second leg, the Little Brown Jug, equaled the stakes record of 1:19 1/5.

**IMLA LULIA** (S) 88.00, driven by Joe G. Brown, was the \$190,000 American Trotting Classic at Midwaywood Park, covering the mile and an eighth in 2:15.6 to break a 14 1/2 length ahead of Keystone Pioneer. O'Brien also won the next race, his 4,000th victory, after joining the employer company of Hiram Fanning. Horse Facts and Betty Hupshorn.

**HOCKEY**—NHL After Montreal crushed Minnesota 7-3 in the opening game of the season, North Sea Coast Trail Harris thrashed. "If they lose one game in home series, it's a surprise," says Minnesota's head coach. Montreal's third home defeat in 10 days, beating Los Angeles 3-2 as goaltender Peter LoForte stopped 31 shots, including 19 in the second period (page 27).

It was the week of the hot truck. Gap LaForte's three goals carried Montreal past Toronto 5-4. Giffen Parry's three goals powered the Buffalo 6-1. Larry O'Brien, insurance from a three-game suspension and scored three goals in Buffalo's 5-2 win over Los Angeles. Marcel Desrosiers led the Kings past Washington 4-1 with his three goals. Vancouver's Joe Kari was named his first NHL hit in a losing game, the Canucks losing to St. Louis 8-6. In the strike department, St. Louis and Boston both won in straight while Philadelphia added a five game losing streak with a 5-3 romp over Cleveland and Vancouver found a new enemy system, stalling with a 6-3 shutout over Minnesota. Buffalo lost to the New York Rangers for the first time in 12 games. But the Sabres then beat the Flyers at Philadelphia for the first win ever. And in the record department, Phil Esposito surprised San Jose with his 7-point marker in NHL history, scoring two goals and two assists in the Rangers' 8-4 defeat of Buffalo for career total of 1,354.

**NBA** The NHL's leading scorer in its career, Gordie Howe. Now a WHA player, 48-year-old Howe scored the 99th goal of his 24-season pro career in New England's 3-1 defeat of Edmonton. The Whalers' ninth straight win. He failed to score his 1,000th in the next night, but New England still has 100 points in 31 games, its first place lead over Winnipeg to three points. Bobby Hull helped keep Winnipeg close, his 14th goal tying the New York Rangers 4-3.

**SHOOTING**—The U.S. won the 11th Confederation of American Shooting in Mexico City, scoring 17 of 41 medals. JONHUR CLEMONSON of Columbus, Ga. hit 199 out of a possible 200 targets to set a world record shooting record and pace the team to a second gold medal and LEONARD HALL of Cary, N.C. won a world mark with 154 points in five rifle 100-meter.

**TENNIS**—Led by CHRIS EVERT and BILLIE JEAN KING, the U.S. scored its first Wimbledon Cup since 1954 and its 40th victory in the 49-year-old competition as Brian Gottfried beat 7-6.

**MILWAUKEE**—APPOINTED As coach of the University of Pennsylvania basketball team, BOB WEINBAUER, 35, after four years as assistant to CHUCK DILLON, who he replaced to become an assistant coach for the Philadelphia 76ers. In six seasons Dill's teams won the Ivy League title four times and had a 174-33 record.

**NAMED** By the Baseball Writers' Association of America, LESTER GORDIE FORSTER is the 1977 National League MVP, giving the Cincinnati Reds their third straight MVP award and fifth in the last six years. Last season's Reds hit 50 homers, threw 30 no-hitters and 11 perfect games. In last May's 1981 season, they set the league in 1981 (140) and won record 112-41.

**SHOWN** By the Texas Rangers in the second five-year anniversary draft, CHADLER RICHIE, 25K, who has 299 with 30 home runs and 101 RBIs for the White Sox, won season for a 10-year, \$2.5 million contract and right-handed pitcher DICK WILHELM, who had a 12-1 record with three clubs last season to a four-year contract for \$1.5 million.

**DEED** FRED HANEY, 79, former major league player, manager and general manager of a heart attack in Beverly Hills. Hane, an infielder, broke in with the Detroit Tigers in 1927 and also played for the Boston Red Sox, the Chicago Cubs and the St. Louis Cardinals. As a manager he finished last four times in six seasons with the St. Louis Browns in 1934 and the Philadelphia Athletics (1933-35) before taking over the Milwaukee Braves, with whom he first season (1936-39) he won two pennants and a World Series. From 1961 to 1966 he was general manager of the California Angels.

**DEED** STANLEY (BICKY) HARRIS, 68, former major league player and manager of Parkland's division in Washington D.C. In 1924 Harris was lured to the "Roy Wooten" school, as a 27-year-old player-manager he led the Washington Senators in their first seasons and only world championship. He won the pennant again in 1933, later managed the Detroit Tigers, the Boston Red Sox, the Senators again, the Philadelphia Flyers, the New York Yankees (twice whom he won a pennant) and a world championship in 1975. The Senators a third time and finally the Tigers a second time. He was a second baseman for 12 years and a manager for six seasons and in 1975 was elected to baseball's Hall of Fame.

## CREDITS

4. **Alvin Miller** (S) 1:41.40. **Johnny Chapman** in the sulky won the \$119,155 Messenger Stakes, the first leg of racing's Triple Crown. The colts who in September had won the second leg, the Little Brown Jug, equaled the stakes record of 1:19 1/5.

# FACES IN THE CROWD

ANDREW ANDREWS

SONNABERGER JAMES



Recruited for Bay College in Baltimore by Jamarion Soccer Coach Winston Lurie, Andrews, 20, led the Buccaneers to a 10-1 record in their first year of competition. The center forward scored 41 goals, including eight in each of two games.



**MITZIE EDGE** ANDREWS 18. Miss, 17, became the youngest to win the Georgia Women's Golf Association state championship when she sank a six-foot birdie put on the 18th hole for a final-round 75 to beat eight-time champion Cefi McLazari by one stroke.



**RANDY LEEAN** BROWN 18. A senior at Belvidere High, Randy, 17, established a state record when he rushed for 397 yards in a 42-38 defeat of Van Hornes Regional High. In eight games, the 5'11", 175-pound tailback has rushed for 1,589 yards on 217 carries.



**BARBARA FREEMAN** BROWN 18. Barbara, 17, scored 15 goals in 12 games, including six game-winners, to lead the Western High field hockey team to the Middlesex League championship. She was the team's high scorer for the third straight year.



**DENNIS MAHAN** GORDON 18. In a 60-8 defeat of Laurel Park, Dennis, a senior at undefeated Martinsville High, scored three touchdowns, breaking the state career scoring record of 608 points with the first. The 4'11", 172-pound running back has now amassed 658 points.



**TOM FEACHER** KIMPE 18. Undefeated in 17 cross-country meets this season, Tom, 16, a junior at Cardinal Strickland High, paced the Lions to five invitational championships as well as district and conference titles. He was also the individual state Class C champion.



**MITZIE EDGE** ANDREWS 18. Miss, 17, became the youngest to win the Georgia Women's Golf Association state championship when she sank a six-foot birdie put on the 18th hole for a final-round 75 to beat eight-time champion Cefi McLazari by one stroke.

# 19<sup>TH</sup> HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

Edited by GAY FLOOD

## SEMI-TOUGH

Sir:

Very unsportsmanlike conduct, SI. You slighted all the thousands of real athletes throughout the world by opting to feature Kris Kristofferson, Burt Reynolds and Jill Clayburgh—Jill Clayburgh?—on the cover (Nov. 7). How could you? The article *Semi-Tough Goes to the Movies* was even more unsportsmanlike. A busted play!

RICHARD S. QUINTANA  
Cochito, N. Mex.

Sir:

Surely there was an athlete, a team, a coach, an animal—something—more deserving of your cover that week. Now I suppose I'll have to start reading movie magazines for sports news.

JIM CASILLO  
Zanesville, Ohio

Sir:

The Nov. 7 cover is the worst you have ever had. Period. I didn't even want to read the story.

SCOT A. FIRCH  
Syracuse, N.Y.

Sir:

Thanks to Dan Jenkins for another superb piece of literary work. I always look forward to reading material from my all-time favorite author. *Semi-Tough* kept me laughing from start to finish. If the movie is half as good as the book, it will be semi-hilarious. Also, SI, please keep assigning Jenkins to the golf tournaments. Those articles alone are reason enough to subscribe to your magazine.

NLAE NELSON  
Dodgeville, Wis.

Sir:

Dan Jenkins is proof positive that what the world needs more than peace, love and the Roselle Rule is a sense of humor. May the movie version of his novel be a box office semi-senshi.

DOUG MOE  
Madison, Wis.

Sir:

I can just see the next sports flick.

SCENE: 1984 Olympics in Los Angeles. Sportswriters plot to blow up the Coliseum during the premiere of a new Olympic track event: the Hertz 100-yard dash.

CAST: O. J. Simpson as Los Angeles Mayor Tom Bradley; Burt Reynolds as D. J. Simpson; Farrah Fawcett-Majors as Nadia Comaneci; Lord Dearth Vader as Howard Cosell; Arnold Schwarzenegger as Vasily Alexseyev; Charlie's Angels as the U.S. track team; Producer Irwin Allen as Roone Arledge; Ronald Reagan as Jerry Brown; John Wayne as Dan

Jenkins; and Roosevelt Grier as the Good-year blimp.

CHRIS BRUDERICK  
Arcata, Calif.

## L.A.'S OLYMPICS

Sir:

Congratulations on your story about Los Angeles' bid for the 1984 Olympic Games (*Found: A Place in the Sun*, Nov. 7). You have captured the spirit of the Games and of our bid better than any other publication has to date.

We would only record disagreement with your characterization of our 1980 bid as that of a "straw-man candidate" against Moscow. That bid was very real and came within a swing of nine votes of victory.

As Lord Killiam recently noted, a race is not won by even a sole competitor until the finish line is crossed. For Los Angeles the finish line is May 19, when the International Olympic Committee meets in Athens to make its final decision on the location of the 1984 Games.

JOHN C. ARGUE  
Southern California Committee  
for the Olympic Games  
Los Angeles

Sir:

Having attended the last two Olympics at Munich and Montreal, I noticed that one thing was not mentioned in connection with the Games at Los Angeles, namely, transportation. Both Munich and Montreal had efficient systems for moving large crowds. If Los Angeles hosts the Olympics in 1984, I predict the greatest traffic jam in history.

IVAN MCCANN  
Garden Grove, Calif.

Sir:

William Oscar Johnson omitted one important question concerning the 1984 Olympics: going to Los Angeles. What are the athletes going to breathe?

MICHAEL EISEN  
Los Angeles

## CLEVELAND AND CLYDE

Sir:

It has been said that Cleveland does not get any national attention. But in your Nov. 7 issue, Larry Keith used Cleveland to show the lessons of baseball's free-agent draft (*Is It Draft—or Deft—To Draft?*). Walt (Clyde) Frazier told us that Cleveland is not Siberia, although he admitted that he plans to be here only three years, not a lifetime (Clyde, Laughing Cavalier); and, finally, Cleveland was mentioned by Dan Jenkins as one of two foul-weather American Conference cities in which the playoff segments of the movie version

of his book *Semi-Tough* could be filmed.

So maybe Cleveland is still the butt of bad jokes. You can't have your cake and eat it, too.

ALAN GLASSMAN  
Cleveland

Sir:

It is interesting to note that the oft-maligned city of Cleveland has relieved New York City, that mecca of sophistication, of one of its greatest natural resources, Walt Frazier. Whether or not the removal of Frazier proves to be of help to the Knicks this season, New York is losing one of the class athletes of all time.

I have followed Frazier's career since his first season with the Knicks in 1967. He has provided me with some of the greatest thrills I have ever had from sports. And all the while, even in the last two turbulent years, he has performed with class. I watched in disbelief as Dr. J. Joe Namath and Tom Seaver left New York, but when Clyde departed it brought mist to my eyes. If any one person can stop those awful Cleveland jokes, it will be Clyde. I hope he takes the Cavaliers all the way.

GLENN RUTKEN  
Watertown, Mass.

Sir:

I am a Cleveland Indians fan, and watching the New York Yankees in the World Series these last two years has given me a miffy funny feeling. I couldn't help thinking that I was seeing former Cleveland players Chris Chambliss, Oscar Gamble, Graig Nettles and Dick Tidrow—not to mention Canton, Ohio's own Thurman Munson, who was making no bones about wanting to play in Cleveland. Worse yet, there was Cleveland Shipbuilder George Steinbrenner paying all those high salaries. And Gabe Paul was a general manager in Cleveland not so long ago. I think the world championship belongs to Cleveland. We just play in New York.

JERRY KASTENBERGER  
Salem, Ohio

## FREE AGENTS

Sir:

My pocket calculator reveals that the average batting average of the 18 hitters among last year's free agents listed in the article *Is It Draft—or Deft—To Draft?* (Nov. 7) was only .259, at an average cost of \$2,109.28 per base hit. Bad as that was, the three California Angel hitters listed (Rudolph, Grich, Baylor) had a combined .253 average at a whopping \$5,155.67 per hit.

JAMES E. ABBOTT  
Dewey, Calif.



Sir:

Your article concerning baseball's free agents was one of the fairest accounts I've read. It brought out an interesting point: the money paid free agents is for the most part spread out via multi-year contracts. Therefore the failure or success of a particular player should not be judged on one season alone.

ROBERT C. SCHOTTLE  
Charlottesville, Va

Sir:

Why does everyone keep saying that Gene Tenace, who hit .233 last season, had a disappointing year? His lifetime average before 1977 was .245. He has never hit 30 home runs or driven in 90 runs. Who ever said that he was a good defensive catcher? Just because someone gives him a fortune, is he now supposed to be a superstar, or even a respectable big league hitter?

T. E. REA  
Rangoos, N.J.

#### IN SEARCH OF NANTUCKET BLUES

Sir:

Are you sure that the name of the author of your article *Tamult* on a Wild Shore (Nov. 7) isn't William Melville Humphrey? Our numerous visits to Nantucket's Great Point have been made in a Wagoner loaded with fish-

ing gear, children, coolers, blankets, charcoal and a picnic supper. We always make the trip in the late afternoon, for there is nothing like seeing the sun sinking behind the Great Point lighthouse. On arrival, mothers set up camp, children play hide-and-seek in the dunes and, 90% of the time, the men pull in blues. After a meal of hamburgers and fresh grilled bluefish, we sit around the fire enjoying ghost and fish stories. Although the trip is far from comfortable, the children often fall asleep on the return rather than arriving home "battered and bruised from our wild ride."

EMMA WARD  
Riverside, Conn.

Sir:

William Humphrey's article totally swept me off my feet. Fantastic!

PAUL CROWEN  
New York City

#### TOP-ROOKIE TRADES

Sir:

I believe Adrian Dantley of the Indianapolis Pacers erred when he said he was the only Rookie of the Year in any sport to be traded after having won the award (Scouting Reports, Oct. 31). I recall that Bill Virdon was traded by the St. Louis Cardinals to the Pittsburgh Pirates after the 1955 season, in

which he was named National League Rookie of the Year.

TIMOTHY J. MILLER  
Erie, Pa.

Sir:

Adrian Dantley is mistaken. After he won Co-Rookie of the Year honors in 1976 with the Cincinnati Reds, Pat Zachry was traded to the New York Mets in the Tom Seaver deal. (Zachry shared the award with Butch Metzger of the San Diego Padres.)

NEALE N. TRANQUICH  
Hazleton, Pa.

#### ON THEIR TOES

Sir:

In the article *They're Kicking Up a Real Storm* (Nov. 7) you stated that Russell Erxleben would be unable to wear a square-toed kicking shoe in the NFL. If I am not mistaken, Ray Guy and Errol Mann of Oakland, Jim Turner of Denver, Fred Cox of Minnesota, Jim Bakken of St. Louis, Mark Moseley of Washington and ex-Ram Tom Dempsey all wore or are now wearing square-toed shoes.

SEAN FINCH  
Altavista, Va.

• Right. A regulation square-toed kicking shoe is allowed by the NFL.—ED

continued

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19TH HOLE continued

### UNDEFEATED AND...?

Sir

Bruce Miffigan's letter (Oct. 17) and your article *Is Colgate Going To Be Spaced Out Again?* (Nov. 7) lament the fact that Colgate was not selected for the Rose Bowl in 1932. Undoubtedly, one of the principal reasons Colgate was "unselected upon, undefeated and undefeated" was the fact that after trampling St. Lawrence, the Red Raiders played Case School of Applied Science. In that game Colgate was unable to penetrate the Case line and had to rely upon its exalted passing game to win.

After the game, Colgate Coach Andy Kerr led a group of reporters and photographers into the Case dressing room and was photographed between four members of the Case team. Thereupon he told the press, "These four men can play on any team in this country." The New York newspapers noted the incident and pointed out that Case was an "unheard of" school in the Midwest.

ROBERT W. SALTER  
Pittsburgh

Sir

If the Red Raiders go unbeaten this season, they will have done so while playing only four games at home. It's tough to win on the road, no matter what the caliber of the opposition. The selection committees of the postseason bowls should give Colgate serious consideration.

STAN MC CANLIN  
Hillsboro, Ill.

Sir

Thanks for Michael DelNagro's article on a most deserving Colgate football team. Bowl bid or no, it's nice once in a while to see national recognition accorded a superior team from a small, highly selective college that doesn't give athletic scholarships.

ROBERT H. HANBERG  
Utica, N.Y.

### NOT CRUNCHED

Sir

Nobody, but nobody, crunches Tennessee State (FOOTBALL'S WEEK, Nov. 7). Tennessee Tech, a fine small college team, did indeed crunch East Tennessee State 63-20, but Tennessee State? No way. Coach John Mennin's TSU Tigers are 8-1-1 for the season, having lost only a 31-28 squeaker to Florida A&M and tied Tennessee-Chattanooga, 14-14. With little recognition, this predominantly black school has been one of the premier producers of NFL talent for many years, ranking right alongside the Notre Dames and Ohio States.

WILLIAM SHASTEN  
Huntsville, Ala.

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